THE LIVING AGE.

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME XXIII. *NO. 3119. APR. 16, 1904.* FROM BEGINNING Vol. CCXLI.

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THE GARDENS OF TOKIO.

Searching for a Japanese house one makes inquiries, naturally, for a garden. Attached to one house there was a little garden perhaps three yards square. It was not ambitious: it did not aspire to rivulets and bridges and paraphernalia; but it was perfect. There were litttle bushes of azalea, and primeval-looking mossy stones that had all the effect of rocks, and a peeping fern, and mother-of-thousands, and tufts of grass, and a tree of the lovely little camellia Sasanqua, with pink blossoms like an enormous dog-rose. That garden, built up in its mossy court, was a pure joy to the eye, but the destined house of choice proved, after all, to be without a garden. To order one seemed the obvious course. Accordingly workmen came bearing plants with roots enveloped in a ball of matting, and they erected the garden. They built a pile of rockwork, and they planted fern and grass and asarum in precisely the right places. They made it a background of azalea and striped daphne till the whole had the air of a rocky clearing in a jungle. Then they arranged a wilderness of daphne and camellia and azalea, and the thing was done. The domain also comprised originally two large magnolias, an elderly plum, a cherry, a pine, a cryptomeria, and a dyspeptic larch, while, at the New Year, a pair of large Christmas trees were planted in the road outside, for luck, being the national Japanese charm. The soil of the garden was bare, but studded with a series of stepping stones with the aid of which one could take the air in one's own territory on emerging from the bath in the cool of the morning.

Gradually an increasing familiarity with the language enables the domiciled Englishman to convey to his servants the fact that he wishes to see gardens. Of course he possesses a comic servant. No English book about Japan would be complete without a comic servant, and much facetious Pidgin-English. However, the thing has been so overdone that henceforth even those fortunate ones who have been blessed with comic servants, must, in mercy to the world, conceal the fact. For, though the maker of books seems to ignore the fact, it is possible to have too much of even the best of things. Accordingly the wanderer, having conveyed his wish, after many amusing misunderstandings which a respect for originality forbids him to retail, is at last taken to various gardens.

The bland imbecility of the Japanese is astonishingly provoking, although at the same time the highest compliment to the Englishman's supposed sagacity; and it might make the mildest saint peevish to be resolutely carried to the lowest tea-houses in the city when he has directed his *kurumaya*, amid nod-

dings of warm and intelligent assent, to take him to a garden.

A Japanese nursery garden is a revelation. There, on benches, in rows, sit tortured trees in their bowls or pans of faience. Their perfection is a marvel of patience, requiring years for its accomplishment; sometimes one man will give as much as thirty years' attention to a single little cherry-tree. Each curve, each leaf, each twig has its direction and proportion regulated by the most rigid and immemorial principles; and, to have any value in Japanese eyes, a dwarf must conform absolutely to the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when Iyeyasu Tokugawa paralyzed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life of the country. The effect is, of course, exquisite in its elaborate and rather morbid beauty. But it must be said that there are many dwarfs, very many, which go for low prices, owing to the imperfections of their development; they have a bough, or a bend that is not prescribed. Consequently the Japanese will buy them, —indeed with pleasure—but will not admit their claims to be works of art. Naturally he will buy them, as, even so they are beautiful, and their price brings them within range of every one's ambition. So, at home, one might buy a Severn instead of a Turner, recognizing the differences clearly, but valuing the cheaper picture as highly as it deserves, and buying it the more readily for its cheapness. However, these Japanese trees that fill the gardens are wonderful with all their imperfections, and the untutored savage eye of the West entirely fails to see any difference between a perfect specimen ten inches high, three centuries in age, and £30 in price, and its neighbor of equal height, of five years' growth and 5*s.* value. They are all dainty, and of every kind. There are cherries, plums crowded with blossom, chimonanthus, kerria, magnolia, azalea,—with gnarled and twisted trunks, and, in their season the right number of leaves in the right place, and a few flowers of the proper shape, borne precisely where they ought to be borne. These little trees, so different from the inferior specimens sent over here to charm inferior European taste, diffuse a feeling of perfect contentment. They are completely satisfying. One can see no fault in them anywhere; consequently, in looking at them one has a strange sense of repose. Their impeccable curves give the same quality of the same soothing appreciation that one receives from the impeccable curves of a paragraph in Jane Austen. There is nothing either to add or to remove. Criticism, therefore, can go to sleep, and the soul have complete leisure for enjoyment; whereas, in all other pleasures of this diverse world, however keen they be, the faculty of criticism always remains alert and fatiguing. These trees are a lesson in satisfaction.

But the garden has many other things. Besides the long rows of benches upon which the trees are staged in their sizes,—from three inches in height to three yards—there are many buildings, whose paper shutters are slid back to reveal the cool matting, the alcove, and picture of convention. All round each room are little pans containing gardens of different sizes. Here is a mossy precipice of enormous height, down whose face a waterfall foams, while from its crannies great gnarled trees peep timorously, and all this in a pan six inches by eight. Or a stretch of park is shown in a tiny pot. Ancient twisted planes, with knotted boles are dotted over its rise and fall, perfect, and venerable, and rounded into the perfection of maturity. Or, through a gorge of terrific rocks, whose summits rise to heaven in fantastic pinnacles, the eye looks away into the stretches of distance, beneath

a mighty bending *thuja* which casts its dense shadow over the *ghyll*, towards a far-off prospect of the Holy Fuji rising above the lower hills of his pedestal. This garden is somewhat larger; it is at least two feet by one, and the cone of Fuji is of white, glazed earthenware. Or perhaps, a mossy stone upon a sandy bed mimics a famous mountain seen from a river's margin, or a knot of trees a pathless forest. In every case it is the incredible perfection of long-meditated proportion that gives the unerring effect of immensity. Not all gardens are so elaborate. Some merely contain a clump of Adonis Amurensis, or a wet green rock of quaint shape from whose cranny springs a tuft of grass, or possibly even a mere bare stone of some coveted shape. For Japanese taste attaches a vast importance to stones and their shapes, so that often a common pebble, indistinguishable to the untaught eye from millions of its cousins, is painfully sought and purchased for even more than £100, while the garden that cannot find the precise configuration of stone to suit its scheme must remain incomplete for years, until much search has discovered the rock, and much money purchased it. One river in especial is famous for these precious stones.

The toy gardens are generally, like the larger ones, imitations of some famous landscape. But almost invariably the rock is there, and the creator's instinct for proportion does the work. There are three tiny pink plum trees, pollarded and covered with rosy blossom; there is also a clump of bamboo an inch in height, and a tiny golden bud of Adonis Amurensis. These grow on a promontory that ends in a titanic rock, on the very shore of the sounding sea. And, indeed, so marvellously are these things placed and fitted, that it would be hard, were it not for the disturbing size of the surroundings, not to take this garden for what it represents. Looking into it one seems to be indeed gazing through a wild and rosy jungle down to the headland and the roaring surf. One false touch would set the whole conception ajar; but the Japanese never are guilty of that false touch.

In Spring the garden outside is filled with lovely things. Along the curves of the pond are iris; huge peonies flare from their pots, and all the dwarfed flowering-shrubs are balls of blossom a foot or less in height. But the Japanese is not the lover of flowers in general that ecstatic British ignorance imagines. A flower, to be admitted by Japanese canons, must conform to certain rigid rules, and no flower that fails to do so can be recognized. At the head of rejected blossoms stand the rose and the lily, both of which are considered by the Japanese rather crude, undefined efforts of Nature. Many others, of no less beauty, fall under this condemnation. The elect are cherry, wistaria, peony, willow-flower, iris, magnolia, azalea, lotus, peach, plum, and morning-glory. There are others, of course, but this is the hierarchy; and for his favorites no attention is too onerous. Indeed the Japanese have their reward, as any one will own who has seen a nursery garden in the Spring with its passionate wealth of color set off by the bare brown earth, the paths of rough stone, and the pond, composed perhaps of snow-white pebbles.

Now all Japanese gardens, as Aristotle says of all arts, are a *mimesis*. They aim at a reproduction of some corner of Nature, some aspect of Nature. The Japanese is not a lover of flowers and of gardening in themselves, so much as for the effect of a combination. He is of no use as a practical gardener, for growing normal plants in their normal health. He brutalizes them, ignores their wishes, and harries them to death. On the other hand, he is unsurpassable when it comes to dis-

torting, torturing, and tweaking into fantastic byways the plain courses of Nature. It is not the plant he loves; it is the effect that the plant enables him to attain. He touches the highest point of artificiality; but he must never be called a good gardener. The true gardener cares far less for the freakish or abnormal possibilities of a plant than for the plant itself, as an individual requiring the closest attention and brilliantly rewarding a loyal devotion. A true gardener is the humble slave of Nature; a Japanese is her contemptuous tyrant. Accordingly the Japanese garden is a paradise of stones rather than of blossom. If a flower happens to come, well and good; but its bush was not put there to blossom so much as to set off the contrast between two lines of rock. For, when a garden is not ambitious enough or willing to mimic a landscape, it becomes a rock-garden, pure and simple, though very different from the careful cossetting-ground for ill-tempered little Alpine plants that we mean by the name. A good Japanese garden of the ordinary sort is one where the rocks are of perfect size, shape, and disposition. They are relieved by round clipped bushes, which are liable to flower; but their prime test is the proportion of the whole, and the arrangement of the rocks in their prescribed order.

The Iwasaki Garden is one comparatively modern, but to a European eye perfectly beautiful. It covers much ground and is attached to a large red brick house in the convention of Surrey. A lake wanders away into all manner of angles, and a path winds about it over prepared rough bridges, and wave-lapped shingle, and artful ledges of rock. In one recess the visitor looks up the water to a series of green dunes, dotted with dwarf pines, above which rises the cone of Fuji. Round another corner the wavelets ripple on to an archipelago of pine-clad islets, mimicking the famous islands of Matsushima, off the coast by Sendai. Thence one wanders through jungles, and again out into a miniature rice-field and beds of iris, then round the lake once more, and over a thick boscage of azalea, above which stands a Japanese dwelling-house of the owner's,—his refuge, one supposes, when wearied of his red-brick palace. The water has countless other beautiful bays and inlets, fringed with cunning arrangements of rock and pebble, or bordered by reed and rushes. The whole effect is of inexhaustible charm. But it must be noticed that flowers have here no official existence. The flowers that the Japanese loves have a bed apart; they are not introduced into the scheme of decoration as we should introduce them in England. Such a course would be contrary to all Japanese theories. Azaleas, indeed, occur in profusion, but they are there as shrubs. The aim and the value of this garden are its perfect proportions, and its faultless effects. The object of a Japanese garden is not to be a paradise of flowers, but a reproduction of landscape.

The Matsu-ura Garden is one of the oldest, the most valued and admired in Japan. It is of immense age, and of the most prized associations, the Holland Park, one may call it, of Tokio, though it is very small and of rather glooomy aspect. One looks from a parapet of stone out over a little square pond. On one side is a lovely trellis of wistaria, on another a headland, gray with rock and scarlet with azalea. At the far end are a dell, a jungle in deep shadow, and a rocky walk; and, finally, there is a grove of tea. For this garden is the Eleusis of the famous tea-mysteries, which probably no European ever has seen, or ever will see genuinely performed. Here is the immmorial tea-house, where half the illustrious names of Japan have congregated. It has its prescribed ritual of

the most appalling rigidity, this tea-ceremony, invented and elaborated by a pious monk, to distract a young and giddy Shogun from his debaucheries. It was taken up as a poitical weapon by the House of Tokugawa, and crystalized into its present adamantine form, becoming a social engine of the most powerful nature in its power of bringing all the nobles together. Here, then, is one of its temples where the rites are celebrated in their due ordinance, with their prescribed compliments, obeisances, and admiring exclamations over the prescribed flower, arranged in the prescribed spot, and indicated by the host in the prescribed words, to be followed by the invariable litany of conversation and courtesy over the cups of tea to be made, handed, accepted, and drunk all with remarks and gestures and smiles of ancestral rubric. One sees outside the Matsu-ura tea-house a row of stepping-stones, finishing beneath a little *œil de bœuf* in the wall above, by which the visitors had to enter, ignoring the thoroughly practicable door. They approached, making the due bows upon each stone, and at last their host was to fish them in through the window. The Matsu-ura Garden is, of course, a masterpiece of beauty and construction, and further acquaintance only deepens one's sense of its ripe and satisfying charm. Its pool is full of ducks, and cranes stalk in the alleys beneath the wistaria. No garden wins more respect from the Japanese than this; it is an honor to see it, and a delight to remember it.

Hardly more likely is the wanderer to see the Koraku-en, or Arsenal Garden. It has this name, being now enclosed within the domain of the hideous Arsenal, whose peirastic explosions periodically shatter the silence of the glades. Once it was the pleasaunce of the great Princes of Mito, who, belonging to the House of Tokugawa, succeeded to the throne of the Shogunate only two lives before its final subversion, when the property was seized by the Emperor. Its extent is not great, but seems enormous. There is a little lake, framed in woodland, with a wonderful high jutting headland of the most exquisite effect and proportions, especially as seen from between the pine-trunks of a certain rocky nook on the further side. Thence the path leads past a grotto, and up into the dense gloom of the forest, on, past a little shrine, down into the close darkness of a bamboo jungle, from which it emerges into a pleasant valley of grass, where Hori-kiri is imitated on a smaller scale by blossoming beds of iris. Behind, rises a long perspective of high green hills diversified with forests. There is an orchard for cherry-blossom, and a trellis for the streamers of wistaria. Thus the path winds through a dozen landscapes and back at last to the lake and a new aspect of the splendid promontory, with its trees, its bushes, its rocks arranged exactly as the heart desires, so that one rests before it abashed in one's blissful inability to find a fault anywhere, even in the misplacement of a single twig. There are certain views in this Mito Garden which surpass for beauty anything that mortal could imagine,—little corners and flashes of loveliness that burn themselves into one's memory with the vivid permanence of a photograph. It is unforgettable, almost incredible, a masterpiece of conception and execution. A fresh jewel meets the eye at every turn or glance. Indeed the Mito Garden is a strip of Paradise.

Rich as the Mito Garden is in flowers, certain temples make a speciality. At Kameido there is a wandering lake, the shores of which are framed and crossed by arcades upon arcades of wistaria, whose violet plumes are the adoration of Tokio in their season. Thither the

whole town crowds, and the precinct is full of booths where one can buy the daintiest of tiny cups, or tortoises, or buns, or any of the things that lend delight to a holiday. Standing on the lucky round bridge one sees a world of blossom; wistaria in trailers of lilac mist sweeping from the sky, and a delicate cloud-wreath of wistaria rising softly from the dark and silent water in which the descending streams of colored vapor are mirrored. All round under the shades of the flowery trellis, people sit on mats in the cool twilight to eat and drink and watch the blossoms and the water. The world seems to melt in the quivering heat into a violet haze.

Hori-kiri is no temple, except of irises. One enters, and, being conducted by a tiny Elder Sister to one of the innumerable little summer-houses, is presented with a cup of tea, a fan, and three or four iris buds rolled up in paper. All around are the flowers. The gardens occupy a long narrow strip of ground, and down this valley goes foaming under the brilliant sky a torrent of unimaginable color. The irises are of every kind and shape and tint; single, loose, or double, stiff, flopping, erect, simple, spotted, striped, barred or splashed, violet, blue, mauve, lilac, white or wine-red, veined with blue, with purple, or with crimson, great gorgeous blossoms of a foot's diameter, borne in a harvest so dense that little of their crowded green is visible. The shores of this tide of color are dotted with little shelters, where one sits and meditates, and wonders over the goodness of things, and finally, if one be inspired, writes a poem of appreciation which one pins to a pillar of the summer-house. Then one retires, filled and satiated with gorgeousness, realizing in what manner it is that the Japanese love their blossoms. Hori-kiri is a miracle. It teaches one that one has never known what color is under the chilly glooms of the West.

Reginald Farrer.

Macmillan's Magazine.

IS FICTION DETERIORATING?

The newly published *Life of Charlotte Yonge* is not an exciting book, yet it is, from one point of view, extremely interesting and suggestive. It is the life of one of the most popular authoresses of the nineteenth century—an authoress whose name has become the proverbial "household word" in most British homes, and whose influence over millions of readers has been far-reaching and enduring.

Yet, on the face of them, these novels by Charlotte Yonge are merely simple tales for young people, of more or less domestic interest and of unvarying moral purpose. Such stories published just now would receive scant notice even from young readers, and none at all from those older and more critical in taste. What then has been the secret of Miss Yonge's popularity, and what accounts for the influence she had, and still to some extent has, over her readers?

Miss Yonge had the felicity, granted to only a few writers in each generation, to *create a type.* There is a tendency in human nature to run always to one extreme or another; you will find either a very bad or a very good type of hero the favorite of each generation—there is no place found in public favor for the real man of real life who is neither one thing nor the other. Characters necessarily, before they become types, must be extreme instances of that

which they embody. Whether Charlotte Yonge had consciously grasped this fact we shall never know; sufficient to say that she acted upon it, and in Sir Guy Morville, the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, created a type of the good hero which, in popularity, outran all competitors. Just as Charlotte Brontë years before had fascinated the world by a wicked hero, and created the "Rochester type," so Charlotte Yonge made "Morvillism" the fashion of the hour. Half the youth of England were modelling themselves on Sir Guy a few years after the publication of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. "The enthusiasm about Charlotte Yonge among the undergraduates of Oxford in 1865 was surprising," we are told, and we hear of regiments where every officer had his copy of the famous novel. The pre-Raphelite brethren—Rossetti, William Morris, and Burne-Jones—"took Sir Guy as their model" (a model which they followed afar off by all accounts); in fact, the popularity of the book in the most unlikely quarters was extraordinary.

Now, how is it possible to account for this sudden fever of interest in the *Heir of Redclyffe*? Had the book really sufficient merit to account for its popularity? There are several answers to these questions; the book which attains wide popularity has not of necessity great merit; but it has, inevitably, *something* in it which appeals to human nature—something universal. To detect this vital spark in a book is to discover the secret of its popularity—not always a very easy matter. The great mass of "popular" authors appeal to the lower side of our universal nature; they know that, roughly speaking, every one is interested in murders, hairbreadth escapes, adventures of every kind, so they select these as their subjects. Another and quite as numerous class acknowledge the universal note that is to be found in divorces, adulteries, rivalries, every manifestation of passion; these themes always secure their audience. But it remains for more subtle minds to discover subjects which are at once universal in their interest and yet unhackneyed.

Far be it from me to name Charlotte Yonge "subtle"; yet in justice to the *Heir of Redclyffe* it must be acknowledged that she has made this very discovery—has found a hero who appeals to a huge audience as being a hero, and yet does not make his appeal through any of the lower and more obvious channels. To have done this is something of an achievement, and proves Miss Yonge to have had a higher order of literary faculty and perception than she is generally credited with nowadays. Yet the secret was an exceedingly simple one; merely the old truth of the eternal attractiveness of virtue. This was not a new discovery; to take the greatest instance of all, who has ever tried to deny the extraordinary attractiveness of the character of Christ, or the power which the story has had, and always will have, even over those who do not regard it as a divine revelation. Simple as this great principle is, Miss Yonge showed true literary intuition in applying it to popular uses; she realized that the great mass of mankind worship that perfection which they feel it impossible to attain to in their own lives, and she drew a character accordingly—she popularized virtue. It is impossible to repress a smile when we consider the many perfections and the few studied imperfections of Sir Guy Morville, the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, and the question puzzles us continually, "How does such an impossible character still claim our interest and credence?" For Sir Guy is, in truth, an ideal rather than a real creation. His virtues are almost touchingly ridiculous. When he goes to Oxford he excels himself: "It was first proposed that Deloraine (his horse)

should go with him, but Guy bethought himself that Oxford would be a place of temptation for William (his groom), and resolved to leave them both at Holywell." (!) At Oxford his own recreations must have been as innocent as those he desired for William, for they were limited to music and walking: "The last, he said, might engross him in the same way, but he thought there were higher ends for music, which made it come under Mrs. Edmondstone's rule of a thing to be used guardedly, not disused." Such temperance in pleasure at eighteen is almost painful. But the same conscience pursues him through life. To counterbanalce those virtues Miss Yonge had to introduce at least one fault into her hero's character, so we are told that he had a temper of terrific violence, though the only indication we have of it is "a flashing eye" and a disposition to fly to the piano and play the "Harmonious Blacksmith" whenever his feelings became too fiery to be trusted. It is all ridiculous and impossible and unreal; and yet the character of Guy Morville remains attractive, lovable, admirable throughout—just because it is an effort to describe perfection, the thing we all long after and worship in spite of ourselves!

If then—as it undeniably is—this worship of perfection is an instinct of our nature, it is curious that from time to time in the world's history the popular type of hero should have been so far removed from perfection. I have noticed the type of "Rochester" hero and his popularity as an instance of this, while in "real life" heroes we may take Byron as another example that vice may run virtue very close, and even, for the time being may win the race.

We seem to have come to one of these stages in the history of thought at present; the "good" hero has gone suddenly and completely out of fashion. When I say this, I do not assert that a vicious hero is in fashion just now; but that mere "goodness" is at a discount, and the want of this quality is, at present, no disqualification for herodom—granted always that the character has enough of "strength" to justify his own existence. This is the first and greatest essential in the making of the modern hero, and it is a sign of the times that this should be the case. For it is not altogether strength as a splendid characteristic that is admired, but strength as a means to an end, strength as the road to success—that most worshipped idol of the twentieth century. This is a fact that may be read between the lines of nine out of ten novels of the day—the hero is the successful man, and the successful man is the one who has managed to wring from Fortune's grudging hand—*by any means*—those things which are popularly named her gifts: wealth, fame, popularity. Following this rule, the millionaire hero at present carries all before him. The type is rapidly becoming stereotyped, and this richly gilded idol bids fair to be worshipped for many days to come. He is always self-made, the clever carver-out of his own destinies; generally rough, blatant, unscrupulous, but always and under all circumstances forceful and masterful. Let us select at random a few descriptions of this favorite type. They will be found to be curiously alike in their main characteristics. Each hero, you will observe, is a man of affairs—of large pecuniary affairs. The type was first ably drawn by Mr. Anthony Hope in *The God in the Car*, some ten years ago; since then African empire-makers and millionaires have appeared in countless numbers. This was the original embryo: "Ruston's first five years of adult life had been spent on a stool in a coal merchant's office, and the second five somewhere in Africa. He came before the public offering in one closed hand a new empire, asking with the other

opened hand for three million pounds." The Company Promoter is thus discussed:

Gentlemen! Well, everybody's a gentleman now, so I suppose Ruston's one.

I call him an unmannerly brute. . . . Such an *ugly mug as he's got, too; but they say it's full of character.*

Character! I should think so—enough to hang him on sight.

Keep in mind this description, and observe how little it has varied after ten years of use in the mill of fiction:

Karl Altham was *a plain man, though impressive*—a man about forty-five, his gray thick hair crowning a strong, clean-shaven, mobile face. *He did not look like a gentleman, but he had a personality*—he stood out from the ruck of men as something bigger, stronger, more important than his fellows.

The first employment of Karl Altham had been winkle-selling; but when the story opens he is a multi-millionaire of immense importance in African affairs. —(*Pigs in Clover*, by Frank Danby.)

Or again, we find in *Moth and Rust* another of the same—a Mr. Van Brunt, who has "a property in Africa larger than England." He is, of course, aged forty, tall, powerfully built, clean shaven. "*You would never say Van Brunt was a gentleman*, but you would never say he wasn't. He seems apart from all class. *He is himself.*" Van Brunt began his career in a dry-goods store as a variation from winkle-selling or coal-selling!

The strange similarity of these descriptions shows what a hold this type has taken upon the imagination of our day; it seems impossible for some authors to avoid describing it. Sir Guy with his conscience, his solicitude for the welfare of William, and his well-controlled temper, has disappeared from the ranks of heroes (for the time being) and this strong, unscrupulous, successful African gentleman has full possession of the field. This seems at first sight rather a sad fact, and one which does not say much for the good taste of our generation. But perhaps this is not altogether the case. The truth seems to be that our generation have not ceased to worship perfection in the least, but they have begun to worship another side of it from that which attracted the admirers of Sir Guy Morville: progress, energy, force, strength of purpose—these have become cardinal virtues with the youth of our day—have, in short, become synonymous with virtue. The man who is unprogressive, lethargic, weak of will, purposeless, can never be virtuous in their eyes whatever other moral qualities he may possess; so it follows that the forceful, successful man must become their hero.

Miss Yonge was not, however, content to create a type of hero all her own; she also created a heroine, and so impressed this type upon the mind of the Young England of the day, that she must have helped to mould the characters of thousands of girls into the same grooves.

The long and extraordinarily prolix series of novels which came from her pen are the very apotheosis of domesticity—in them the domestic woman reigns supreme. Miss Yonge's attitude to life (as we see it reflected here) is much that of a butterfly hovering over a dunghill—it cannot alight on anything foul, but flits off to settle on the flowers instead. The realities of life are curiously glossed over in these books, which seem to have been to a great extent a picture of their author's life. Poverty, shame, anxiety, disaster—all the sinister shapes that dog the footsteps of mankind through the long journey—these seem to have been the merest names to Charlotte Yonge. We find no record of them in the tranquil pages of her life. Disease and death

all must know sooner or later, but of other and far graver sorrows we hear nothing. Her existence was calm, sheltered, uneventful, narrow—led in one peaceful Church of England groove, far from the anxious and struggling world where most men and women live. The books which had their genesis in such an atmosphere could scarcely have been other than they are: the characters in these books are born in a good position in life, they live and die in it; if shame and calamity overtake them, be sure that the passages which describe these circumstances will not ring true. For Miss Yonge had read and heard of the shipwrecks of life, but she had never gone through them—she was only truly at home and happy and at her best when she wrote of good, happy people living blameless and sheltered lives.

It is in creating this sort of domestic atmosphere that Miss Yonge is unrivalled. Nor is she likely soon to find a rival, for the conditions of life have altered so considerably of late years that novels of "home life" have virtually disappeared, along with the homes that used to inspire them: Miss Yonge dearly loved for subject that now almost obsolete institution *"a family circle," i. e.*, father, mother, eight or even eleven children; such a household was her special province. Where do we find the family circle now? To begin with, the parents are no more those of Miss Yonge's fond fancy—quite different fathers and mothers adorn the family circles of our day, to judge from fiction; some extracts may illustrate the difference better than anything else:

"It will be natural, Margaret"—says Mrs. May, the mother in the *Daisy Chain*—"It will be natural by-and-by that you should love some one else better than me, and if I cared for being first, what should I do then?"

"Oh, mamma!—but!" said Margaret, *"you are always sure of papa."*

A healthful state of matters this, indeed—to be always sure of papa; but our generation is not quite so confident about papa, and the dark thought will sometimes obtrude itself, "Are we even quite sure of mamma nowadays?"

Kipling scholars will scarcely need to be reminded of the opening scene of the Gadsbys as a modern instance:

Bearer [rapping at door]. Captain Sahib has come.

Miss D. What! Captain Sahib! and I'm only half dressed! Well, I sha'n't bother.

Miss T. [calmly]. You needn't. *It isn't for us.* That's Captain Gadsby. *He is going for a ride with mamma. He generally comes five days out of seven.*

What has brought about this revolution in mothers? Those if Miss Yonge's day were much more likely in the natural course of things to be the rivals of their daughters, for they were mothers at a far earlier age than is generally the case at present, when women more often marry at forty than at seventeen. Yet such was not the case. With marriage and maternity Miss Yonge's heroines abandoned all pretensions to youth.

"In my best days"—says Violet, the heroine of *Heartsease*—"I was not up to Emma; and now, between cares and children, I grow more dull every day."

"Your best days! Why, how old are you?"

"Almost twenty-two," said Violet; "but I have been married nearly six years. *I am come into the heat and glare of middle life."*

Early marriages were perhaps the explanation of the bygone domestic mother, and the late unions of the present day may explain the modern mother and her foibles—had she, like poor Violet, begun "cares and children" at seventeen, she might indeed feel herself in the heat and glare of middle life a little sooner than she seems to do just now. As it is, she marries late and

is more able to face or to evade the worries of maternity, and in consequence retains her youthfulness of spirit much longer. Be this as it may, the fact remains for all to read that "the new mother" is not the same as the old. Moreover, as we explore the various members of one of Miss Yonge's famous "family circles," we perceive that the new daughter is also strangely different from her sister of forty years ago. The tender passion as it was understood, or at least described, by Miss Yonge, is far other than it would appear to be at present among the sons and daughters of our day. As an instance of the bygone style of thing, may I quote from the *Heir of Redclyffe* a passage which describes Amy and Guy, their feelings and their intercourse, during their engagement:

It was a time of tranquil, serene happiness. It was like the lovely weather, only to be met with in the spring, and then but rarely, when the sky is cloudless and intensely blue. . . . Such days as these shone on Guy and Amy, looking little to the future, or if they did so at all, with a grave, peaceful awe, reposing in the present and resuming old habits—singing, reading, gardening, walking as of old, and that intercourse with each other that was so much more than ever before. It was more, but it was not quite the same; for Guy was a very chivalrous lover; the polish and courtesy that sat so well on his frank, truthful manners, were even more remarkable in his courtship. His ways with Amy had less of easy familiarity than in the time of their brother-and-sister-like intimacy, so that a stranger might have imagined her wooed, not won. *It was as if he hardly dared to believe that she could really be his own, and treated her with a sort of reverential love and gentleness, while she looked up to him with ever-increasing honor.* . . . When alone with Amy he was generally very grave, often silent and meditative, or else their talk was deep and serious.

So much for lovers of the old school. Let us take a modern couple as a foil, and the reader shall judge if things have altered for the better or no—whether the "tender passion" has more worthy exponents just now. I quote from a novel named *Mrs. Craddock*, which has received considerable attention of late:

He sat down, and a certain pleasant odor of the farmyard was wafted over Bertha, a mingled perfume of strong tobacco, of cattle and horses; she did not understand why it made her heart beat, but *she inhaled it voluptuously and her eyes glittered.* . . . When he bade her good-bye and shook hands she blushed again; she was extraordinarily troubled, and, as with his rising the strong masculine odor of the countryside reached her nostrils, her head whirled. . . . Above all he was manly, and the pleasing thought passed through Bertha that his strength must be quite herculean. *She barely concealed her admiration.* . . . "Shut your eyes," she whispered, and she kissed the closed lids; she passed her lips slowly over his lips, and the soft contact made her shudder and laugh; she buried her face in his clothes, inhaling there masterful scents of the countryside. . . . *She knew not how to show the immensity of her passion.*

This is Bertha's first love: but she is a woman of volatile affections, for ere the book ends we have another description of an even more erotic nature—the object of this passion being a Rugby schoolboy:

She flung her arms round his neck and pressed her lips to his; she did not try to hide her passion now; she clasped him to her heart and their very souls (?) flew to their lips and mingled. This kiss was rapture, madness, it was an ecstasy beyond description, their senses were powerless to contain their pleasure. Bertha felt herself about to die; in the bliss, in the agony, her spirit failed and she tottered—he pressed her more closely to him.

We may indeed trace the curious differ-

ence between Amy and Bertha a little further; for, by a strange coincidence, we find both these ladies in the closing pages of the two books which record their fortunes, occupied in the same manner, *i. e.*, gazing at the mortal remains of their husbands. But though there is a similarity in the situation, you will notice that there is a wide divergence in sentiment between the heroines. Amy, the older established heroine, shall have the precedence in quotation:

Amy indulged herself with one brief visit to the room where all her cares and duties had lately centred. *A look—a thought—a prayer. The beauteous expression there fixed was a help,* as it had ever been in life, and she went back again cheered and sustained. She had no time to herself except the few moments that she allowed herself now and then to spend in gazing at the dear face that was still her comfort and joy. . . . She entered the little room where that which was mortal lay, with its face bright with the impress of immortality.

"Is he not beautiful?" she said, with a smile like his own.

"My dear, you ought not to be here," said Mrs. Edmonstone, trying to lead her away.

"*If you would let me say my prayers here,*" said Amy.

This is how Amy comported herself; let us hear Bertha's view of bereavement:

After his death Bertha was appalled by the regret which she felt rising within her. Oh, she could not risk the possibility of grief; her only chance of peace was *to destroy everything that might recall him.* She stood in front of the corpse and looked. The impression of the young man passed away, and she saw him, as in truth he was, stout, red-faced, with the venules of his cheeks standing out distinctly in a purple network. . . . The hands which had once delighted her by their strength, now were repellent in their coarseness. For a long time their touch had disgusted her—*this was the image that Bertha wished to impress on her mind.*

It may be objected that Bertha is not so much a typical modern heroine as a sort of freak—that in every generation women of this kind may be found. But I am sorry to say that Bertha is already a type in fiction. It would be easy to adduce half a dozen authors—popular all of them—whose heroines differ from Bertha in name only. We have not far to look for the reason of this change in heroines—it is the old story of the swing of the pendulum—the rebound which is a law of nature. If Miss Yonge and her generation avoided the realities of life, our authors of to-day emphasize them in a quite unnecessary manner, and the one picture is fully more untrue than the other. It is not possible to take a charitable view of this development in heroines; the masterful hero may be regarded as only another manifestation of the ideal; but by no stretch of charity can the courtesan-heroine be viewed in this favorable light. The "oldest profession in the world" certainly furnishes the novelist with many an effective subject; but it seems a pity for the idea to get abroad that every woman is at heart a rake or worse. This, without mincing matters, is just what is being taught us on all sides at present. The return to nature, to "reality," is being overdone: in this attempt to analyze the primitive instincts of women, many of her most inborn characteristics are entirely ignored—for bad as the world is, it would be even worse if faithfulness, purity, and modesty were not unchangeable instincts with the larger proportion of women.

We need then, indeed, a return to nature—to the whole of human nature instead of one side of it—a return, in fact, to some of those simple, undeniable goodnesses which form such a large part of life, and are as truly real as half the primordial instincts we hear so much about just now.

Jane H. Findlater.

HUGH MAGUIRE, V.C.

The early morning sun had gently tinted the great stretches of purple heather with a delicate pink, and lent whiteness to the stony track that wound snake-like between them to the valley beneath, where it broadened into a road that accompanied with many a gracious curve the sparkling, chattering little glen river on its way to join forces with the beautiful Irish Rhine.

At this hour, on this particular July morning, the scene was one calculated to make even a careless observer pause, impressed by its calm, if somewhat lonely grandeur, yet the only pair of human eyes that gazed upon it conveyed to their owner's brain no image whatever.

Old Hugh Maguire sat on the low mud wall boundary of the "bit o' land" which year after year provided the family that depended upon it with potatoes, and stared with unseeing eyes at the prospect before him, every line of which was as familiar to him as the freckled features of his great-grandson's face.

Old Hugh had risen early that morning, almost as early as the sun, and after a sleepless night had crept softly out of the cabin, careful not to disturb the slumbers of its other inmates, and with the slow, feeble steps of extreme old age, had reached the particular spot on the mud wall where it was his custom to sit.

Old Hugh must at one time have been a very tall man, but age had bent his shoulders and twisted his joints so that his height had been deprived of several inches. Age had also furrowed his cheeks and pushed far back into their sockets the eyes that had long since lost the quickness of observation and the twinkle of fun that had once been characteristic of them. Indeed, a more forlorn and pathetic-looking figure than old Hugh Maguire's it would be hard to find in the County of Waterford on this July morning in 1903. At the best of times Fortune did not smile kindly upon him, but just now she was frowning, and old Hugh's soul was full of gloom.

"Mebbe I'm forgot," he murmured uneasily, shaking his head from side to side; "mebbe I am as she says, an' if so, what'll become o' me at all?"

The old eyes looked wistfully out over the purple heather as if asking for some answer to his question. That he received none gave him no disappointment, for he had not expected one. Life had taught him some lessons.

The cause of old Hugh's trouble was this: On the previous evening, the weather having been unusually sultry, he had deserted his customary seat on the mud wall and sought shelter from the level rays of the setting sun behind the peat stack at one side of the cabin. He had brought a hard wooden chair to this place of refuge and in the grateful shade afforded by the peat stack had fallen into a state of semi-stupor, semi-reverie. From this dreamy condition he was rudely aroused by the indignant tones of his grandson's wife.

The Maguires had few neighbors, their home being situated, as it were, on the border-land of that wild, sparsely-inhabited region lying between the valley of the Blackwater and the south-east corner of Tipperary, a region inhabited by "mountainy men," as they are called in the valley and regarded with a mixture of fear and contempt by their more civilized neighbors on both sides of the Knockmeledown range.

Therefore visitors were as a rule few and far between at the Maguires' cabin, though the family was well known and liked in the district. Of late, however, things had undergone a change; news had floated up from the valley that had sent a thrill of excitement through the "mountainy men," causing them to meet together more frequently and discuss the happenings below. A couple of months previously information had come that the King meant to visit the Duke's beautiful castle, and those who returned from the fair in Lismore brought news of all that was to be done in honor of such an event. No one was more interested and more anxious for information, and consequently more disappointed, than little Hughie Maguire when the report was contradicted and the numerous plans for a descent into the valley to see their monarch had to be abandoned.

Hope had revived, however, in some breasts, later. The King, though not coming to Lismore was coming to Cork, and an excursion to Cork was possible to some of those whose dwellings were scattered here and there on the shoulder of Knockmeledown.

It was with the object of discussing such an excursion that Maggie Quirk, on the evening that old Hugh had sought shelter behind the peat-stack, paused in her ascent up the stony road outside the Maguires' cabin and allowed her little donkey with its load of furze strapped to its back to crop the short grass on the bank while she greeted Noey Maguire with the remark, "'Tis a fine evenin', God bless it."

Noey, who was standing outside her door flinging handfuls of Indian meal porridge fom a yellow bowl to a family of eager, long-legged hens, turned at the salutation to reply indifferently, "'Tis so."

"The King, more power to him, is havin' the best o' good weather *now;* 'twill be a grand day to-morra," continued Maggie cheerfully.

"It makes no differs to me what it is," replied Noey with a snort.

"Ay, what ails ye, woman dear?" cried Maggie anxiously; "aren't ye comin' along with us to Youghal?"

"I dunno will I go," replied Noey gloomily.

"Is it afraid o' lavin' the childer ye are?" inquired Maggie incredulously. "Wisha, no harm can come to them an' no mischievousness up here they can get into. An' sure Hughie has great sense. Yer man'll be rale vexed if ye don't go, he's that set on showin' th' ould grandfather to the King.

But here Noey's wrath broke forth and her shrill angry voice rose high in her indignation; here, too, old Hugh became conscious of the proximity of the two women, and distinctly heard what his grandson's wife said.

"If he goes not a foot do I stir, an' I've told Con so. Sure, 'tis at home thinkin' of his latther end the like of him should be, not sthravadin' over the counthree takin' up the room o' them that's young and hearty. I declare to goodness, Maggie Quirk, that ould fellah 'll soon be goin' on for two hundthred, an' he's no more notion o' dyin' than Hughie, nor as much, for he ates the bit and sup out o' the child's mouth. Och, it's cruel, 'tis so! What does an ould wan want to be livin' on for when all belongin' to him is dead? 'Tis forgot above, he is, for nothin' kills him. He's all riddled with bullets an' it makes no odds to him. Him an' his two sons was in the Crimea, an' wan, the moral they say of poor big Hugh that was killed in South Africa, was shot dead, an' my man's father lost a leg, but gran'father, barrin' just wounds an' privations, was none the worse, an' was away fightin' again before we knew where he was."

"Ah, ould Hugh was the great soldier," the other woman said approv-

ingly; "an' sure poor big Hugh took afther him. 'Tis a good thing for you, Noey Maguire, that Con didn't set his heart on the soldiering, 'tis a corpse he'd be to-day, an' then ye'd be in a poor way."

"Och, *I* took care o' *that*," replied Noey, drawing her finger round the now empty bowl that her fowl might not be deprived of any morsel that remained. "I only wed him on condition that he gave up the notion, so I have him safe at home wid all his limbs sound on him, thank God! An' sure 'twas well I made the bargain wid him then, for ne'er a thing will he do for me since," she wound up angrily.

"D'ye tell me that, now?" cried Maggie Quirk incredulously. "Sure every wan says Con's the quietest man alive, an' 'tis yerself has it yer own way entirely."

"If I had, gran'father'd be down below in the Union, not up here atin' the childer's victuals an' fillin' up the house that's too small as it is to hold ourselves, an' now to be dthraggin' the ould relic o' mortality along wid us to see the King! Och, I've no patience wid him."

"'Tis a dispensation widout doubt," replied Mrs. Quirk sympathetically. "Well, I must be steppin'," and she gave her donkey an encouraging whack with the stick she carried and continued her homeward way.

Soon after Con returned accompanied by his eldest child, Hughie, a boy of ten years old, who had gone to meet his father, and who now ran with an eager shout of "Gran'father, where are ye?" to the back of the cabin in search of the old man, who, notwithstanding the stretch of years that separated their lives, was his chief confidant and dearest companion.

As the sound of Hughie's shrill young voice penetrated the dulled hearing of old Hugh, he pulled himself together with a great effort, and leaning heavily on his stout blackthorn went slowly forth to meet the boy.

"Is it there ye are, gran'father?" Hughie cried. "Come to the wall an' sit down. Here's a grand paper book wid pictures in it of the King an' Queen, an' all sorts. Come an' see!"

It was a tossed and dirty illustrated weekly that Hughie, sitting on the wall beside his grandfather, spread open with eager interest upon his knees.

"There's the King every way in this," he announced; "sittin' on his throne wid his crown on his head, an' standin' up wid a grand long cloak hangin' to the ground behind him that's got rabbit skin all down the sides of it, an' here——Ah, just look here, gran'father, here he is dthrivin' in his moty car! D'ye think, now, if he hadn't ha' changed his mind about comin' to Lismore, would he have come dthrivin' in it? Och, gran'father, I'm cravin' to see the King, but I'd give me two eyes to see him in his car."

"Ah, to be sure, them cars is the wondther of the age," said Con, who had followed his son to the wall; "but look here now, gran'father, I've got something ye'll think more on than Hughie's pictures. What d'ye say to a bit o' 'baccy, ould man? Run along into the house, Hughie, an' fetch gran'father's pipe."

As the boy slipped from his seat and ran like a rabbit into the cabin, Con put a little packet into his grandfather's brown wrinkled hand, and the expression on his good-humored countenance denoted anticipated pleasure in the reception of his gift. He was a little disconcerted, therefore, when the old man handed him back the packet saying, "Thank ye kindly, Con; 'tis always the good boy ye've bin to me, but I'm ould now, too ould to be atin' an' dthrinkin' an' smokin' an' such like; 'tis undther the sod I should be be rights. Keep the 'baccy yerself, Con, me man."

"Begorrah, will I? an' I afther bringin' it home to yerself; Too ould is it? Undther the sod indeed! Ah, wisha, what's come to ye, gran'father, to be talkin' that way? As if ye aren't the grandest ould hayro in the kingdom, an' we're all as proud as can be of ye. Sure, 'tis a sort of heirloom ye are. As I was sayin' below in Lismore to-day, if the King had ha' known ye were in it, he'd ha' come widout doubt to see ye. Sure, ye're a monument to the counthree, an' if there was a few more o' ye, we'd make short work o' conquerin' the wurruld. Wasn't yer father killed in the battle o' Waterloo an' yerself born the same day? An' wasn't yerself wan o' the six hundthred, an' didn't ye get a V.C. in the Afghan war? Ah, go 'long wid ye! If the likes of yous is livin' too long afther all ye've done, then the sooner the rest of us quits out of it the better."

Con's words, spoken very heartily, fell like balm on the old man's troubled spirit, but they could not heal the wound his wife's had inflicted. Con then proceeded to explain his plan for the next day's expedition. They must start early, he said, Nolan would drive as many as would fit on his car down to Cappoquin, where they could get the boat for Youghal.

"It's grand we can have the car, for now ye can do it aisy, gran'father. I was wondtherin' how it would be wid ye if we had to step it all the way," Con wound up complacently.

"I'm not goin', I'll bide here," replied old Hugh. "'Tis too big a weight o' years is on me, me son, to be thravellin' that len'th of a way now. Go all of yous; I'll bide quiet at home, 'tis fitter for me."

And to this resolution the old man kept, though Con used all his powers of persuasion to induce him to change it, urging the ease with which Nolan's car would enable them to undertake the journey and the pleasure it would give the King to behold such a valuable subject as the veteran soldier.

Con was at length reluctantly obliged to relinquish his efforts, when Noey joined the conclave and approved old Hugh's resolution saying, "Wisha, Con, is it killin' the oul man ye'd be, dthraggin' him all that way?"

"There's no killin' in it," replied Con gloomily, his good-humored face clouded by disappointment.

All this had happened on the previous evening, and now old Hugh had risen very early to think over his position as it had suddenly been presented to him. He had thought over it through the silence of the night, but nothing had come of his thinking, nothing but added gloom and depression.

"If I'm forgot above, as she says, what'll I do at all!" he muttered half audibly from time to time.

By-and-by the inmates of the cabin began to stir, and soon all was fuss and excitement, the fowls clucked loudly, scratching for early worms outside the door, and the pig grunted as he snuffed with his nose to the ground, while Mrs. Maguire's shrill voice rose above all the other noises as she made her preparations for departure.

At last the heavily laden car rattled down the stony road followed by Hughie's wistful gaze, and all was quiet once more. Then drawing his ragged sleeve across his eyes, Hughie slowly returned to his grandfather saying with a forced laugh. "'Tis in the same boat we are, me too young an' yous too old to see the King, so 'tis amusin' ourselves we must be. I tell ye what, gran'father. Ye must put on yer V.C. Where'll I get it?"

Hughie was now all excitement and interest, and the old man, glad to humor him, rose slowly, saying, "I'll get it, sonny, but it's odd to be wearin' the like of it up here wid only ourselves to be lookin' at it."

"Ah, not at all!" cried Hughie. "We'll

look at the pictures an' pretend we're seein' the King."

They had scarcely put this programme into execution when they were startled by a curious, unfamiliar sound, like that of a gigantic humming-top in motion. Nearer it came and nearer, and Hughie cried in wonder, "Gran'father, whatever's that?"

Old Hugh shook his head. "Some sort of an earthquake, mebbe!" he said doubtfully.

The humming sound had drawn nearer and grown louder, and now a huge, unfamiliar object could be seen turning the bend of the road above the Maguires' cabin.

Hughie's mouth fell open and he stared with wide, incredulous eyes at it till it stopped its course and stood motionless, panting loudly before his home.

"Begorrah," he gasped, "'tis the King! He's heard of ye an' he's come to see ye, gran'father!"

It was indeed a motor car that Hughie's astonished eyes beheld, and in it two gentlemen, one of whom riveted his attention because of his resemblance to the pictures he had seen in the paper of the King, the other, who held the steering-wheel, beckoned to Hughie and the boy advanced slowly like one in a dream.

"Can you give me a pitcher of water, boy?" this gentleman asked, but Hughie did not hear the question, his thoughts and eyes being fixed on his companion.

"'Tis yer honor the King," he said solemnly, saluting in military fashion as his grandfather had taught him, and then feeling that such exceptional circumstances demanded still more of him he dropped two or three curtseys. "Will yer honor step inside an' see me gran'father that's bin in all the wars of the wurruld an' spilt his life blood for ye again an' again? He's too ould to go an' see yer honor, but belike ye heard the great soldier he is an' come to see him. He'll be rale pleased."

The gentlemen exchanged glances, then the elder, who wore a pointed beard, said, "So you think I am the King, eh? Why?"

Hughie saluted again and smiled in a superior manner.

"Sure, I know yer honor well out o' the pictures," he said confidently, "an' yer moty car an all." Ah, sure, I couldn't be mistook. Me gran'father 'll be the proud man this day!"

"He was a soldier, you say?" questioned the other gentleman, who wore a peaked leather cap and a brown suit with leather cuffs.

"The grandest ever was," replied Hughie proudly, "as his father was before him. He was killed in the battle o' Watherloo the day me gran'father was born—'tis me *great* gran'father he is—me gran'father lost his leg in the Crimea an' me uncle Hugh was killed in South Africa, but himself come through every war with a V.C. on him."

"We must see this old hero," exclaimed the gentleman with the beard. "Come, colonel, he ought to interest you too."

As the gentlemen stepped out of the car, Hughie, whose freckled face was scarlet and his gray eyes shining with excitement, ran back to his grandfather to announce the visitors.

"Gran'father," he cried, "'tis the King has come to see ye an' the Kornel of the army wid him! Ah, gran'father, 'tis yerself's the great soldier for the like o' this to happen!"

The old man stared bewildered into Hughie's excited countenance, saying slowly, "Ah, whisht, sonnie: 'tis diminted ye are to be talkin' so!"

"'Tis God's truth, gran'father," the boy replied earnestly; "an' sure here they are!"

Old Hugh peered curiously at the approaching gentlemen, one, notwith-

standing his motor dress unmistakably a soldier, and the other bearing in face and figure a strong resemblance to the King.

"Your grandson has been telling us about you; he is very proud of you," said the colonel advancing towards old Hugh, who rose stiffly to his feet and saluted, "I, too, am a soldier, but my service has not been as long as yours. So you are a V.C. too! See, King," turning to his companion, "we have a Crimean veteran here!"

As the colonel mentioned his friend's name, Hughie uttered an inarticulate sound of intense satisfaction, and saluted once more.

"Fetch their honors a couple o' chairs, Hughie," commanded his grandfather; but the colonel interposed.

"We must not wait," he said, "but if you will fetch a pitcher of water to the motor I shall feel obliged."

Saluting again Hughie darted off to perform this service, and the colonel lingered to talk a little with the old soldier.

"Fighting must be an hereditary instinct now in your family, Maguire," he said when he had elicited a few facts. "How about the boy? Does he too mean to be a soldier?"

"Ah, begorrah, that do I!" replied Hughie, who had returned in time to answer for himself, and the colonel smiled as he looked down into the enthusiastic young face.

"I must see about getting you into the Hibernian school, then," he said. "Now, come and help me to give the motor a drink."

The other gentleman lingered talking to the old man until his friend, who was once more seated in his car, shouted, "Ready, King? We should be off."

"Good-bye, Maguire," the gentleman said, slipping a sovereign into the old man's hand, "to drink the King's health," he explained with a laugh.

* * * * * * *

"Didn't I say he was an heirloom!" cried Con triumphantly, when he had heard Hughie's story, corroborated by excited statements from the younger children.

"I wish we'd stayed at home too," said Noey regretfully, gazing at the golden coin now lying on her palm. "'Tis a fortune ye've airned for us, gran'father, an' I'm thankful to ye."

"He's an heirloom to us!" repeated Con proudly.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE FUTURE OF THE LATIN NATIONS.

I. SPAIN.

The resemblance between the Latin races is entirely superficial. In national character there can be nothing more opposed than are the Italians, Spanish and French. Ethnographically speaking there is an equally striking diversity, and among these nations internal individualization is carried to a pitch which we find nowhere else. Nothing can be more dangerous than to hazard generalities concerning the so-called Latin nations. Between the French and Italians there is a far wider gulf than exists, for instance, between Germans and Dutch. The Spanish, again, are absolutely distinct in every way from French or Italians.

We are not justified in attempting to carry the methods of the naturalist into the study of history. Spain has fallen from her high estate and she can no longer boast anything but an insignifi-

cant vestige of the magnificent power which she wielded in the sixteenth century, when for a short time she stood in the van of European nations. But her might had been fostered into greatness by peculiarly artificial means, and when those means were cut off she was bound to relapse into her former line of progress. It is true that she has lost, probably without recall, her oversea dominions, from which she drew in no small part the wealth that enabled her for a short time to pursue the most grandiose ambitions in Europe. Before her transmarine possessions had fallen entirely away, they had already ceased to be the fathomless mine of riches for which they had at first been held. The exhaustion of her means has compelled Spain to curtail her exaggerated projects, but it would be rash to conclude that she is really a decadent nation. Her late humiliation at the hands of the United States has drawn upon her an undue share of contempt. It is well to remember that the home country of Spain is a poor country, in which it requires all the ingenuity of the inhabitants to make both ends meet. Spain has not the superabundant fertility of France, and the land is very greatly underpopulated. She thus lacks the financial means for maintaining an Imperial policy, and the money for internal government can only be wrung with infinite pain from the poverty-ridden inhabitant.

Perhaps the greatest drawback from which Spain suffers is her isolation. The insurmountable barrier of the Pyrenees, with its scanty passes, renders Spain an almost utter stranger to the rest of Europe. She lies at the extreme end of the Continent, and has no passing travellers; there is no going to and fro of strangers through her midst, and thus we are not surprised to find in her the most conservative country of the west. She is almost entirely cut off from intercourse with the outer world, and lacks the stimulus of the foreigners importing novel ideas and excess of energy which is so powerful an incentive to progress. Spain is the least visited country of Europe; the number of pleasure seeking travellers thither is most restricted. Is there, then, anything astonishing in the Spanish peasant and Spanish gentleman being still tinged with the old-world courtesy of centuries ago? Spain is the land of quaint manners and quaint customs which the rest of Europe has long ago discarded in the hurry and scurry of progress.

But manners and customs are not all that has remained unchanged in Spain. Spain has been called priest-ridden; it is easy enough to say that she has been ruined by her priestcraft; but the problem is far more complicated than that. It is certain that her isolation is one of the most formidable obstacles that bar her way, and one that she will with the greatest difficulty surmount. Her natural resources are poor, but such as they are they are very imperfectly developed. The fertile districts, scattered like oases along the coast of Eastern Spain, are susceptible of considerable extension. This is a question of irrigation, and irrigation is expensive work, and we may look forward to a very good proportion of the savings of needy Spain being devoted for some time to come to this kind of work, at present suffering from many restrictions, for water, in the greater part of the country, is worth money. A most interesting work by M. Brunhes, which has only just appeared, makes a special study of Spanish irrigation, and the writer, who can speak with the authority of a specialist, holds out most sanguine prospects for the future.

The division of nations into the living and the dying was the idea of a late English statesman. We may be permitted to doubt whether any of the na-

tions of modern Europe is yet in so morbid a condition as to justify any prediction of its death. Spain has certainly declined since the sixteenth century, when in 1582 she was able to discomfit a fleet of Italian, English and French ships on sea off Terceira, and when her infantry battalions were the envy of the world. There is no reason to despair of her future. For some time she may lag behind her brethren on the path of progress; we have shown that her position predestines her to slowness of advance. Bodily and mentally the Spanish are as sane and sound as any, and though they may perhaps never be permitted to regain the proud station which once they held in the forefront of Europe, they may very well attain a humbler degree of ambition, develop their own home country and build up a polity as remarkable as any which at present exists.

II. ITALY.

To pass to the Italians, there can be little doubt that they are the most gifted nation in Europe. In the world of action, as in the world of thought, they have produced men not only of great power, but of unique power. Probably no man single-handed, and through the sheer force of his own personal genius, has ever done so much to change the face of the world as did the great Genoese, Christopher Columbus; and what Columbus did in the West, Marco Polo, another Italian, accomplished in the East. Dante raised the finest cathedral in words, and one well comparable with the greatest buildings of the Middle Ages, the work of generations. What characterizes the Italians above all is their initiative. It is the first step which is the hardest to make, but it is the Italians who have always been ready to take the first step in action, and able to make the first step in new paths of science. When once the route across the Atlantic was shown by a Columbus or a Vespucci, it required no remarkable courage or enterprise to follow in their track. But imagine the cool nerves necessary in those days of yet imperfect seamanship to strike boldly out across that vast waste of uncharted waters, in vessels little larger than our coastwise fishing smacks, and with more than a good chance of never returning. This it is that required a confidence in one's own genius.

In all modern sciences the Italians have played the part of pioneers. It is they who have laid us our true course in navigating the sea of mediæval ignorance, and have taken up the pursuit of knowledge where the Greeks or Arabs had left it. They have laid the foundations of arithmetic and algebra, of physics, electricity, pathological anatomy (the creation of Morgagni); they have traced the first lines in sociology and in the philosophy of history. Often enough they have left traces of their labors upon scientific terminology, to remain as a memorial of their achievements. Thus it is that in electricity we have retained the name of Volta, the renowned physicist of Pavia, who lived from 1745 to 1825. We might multiply examples without end.

We cannot help being impressed by their extraordinary mental activity, and by the diversity of their attainments, which is almost incredible. The history of Italy teems for the last eight centuries with the most intense personalities.

As we may observe this wonderful display of individuality among Italy's great men, so we may observe it in the country itself. We cannot judge of the land until we have seen it all. Each province, each city, we might almost say each quarter of each city has its distinctive character, its own peculiar individuality. This is the mark of a highly civilized and progressive coun-

try. The Florentine is not a Roman in language, looks or mind, any more than the Roman is a Neapolitan. Just as the country has no universal language—for the Tuscan, the literary vehicle is an acquired tongue over most of the peninsula, and is not the every-day speech of even the educated classes throughout the country—even so there exists no universal mental type. While political union should give the land political strength, its intellectual disunion should be no less a source of intellectual strength.

It is important to say a few words concerning the woman of Italy, in that we conceive the ideal perfection of a country to consist in the possession of men ripened to the perfection of manhood, and of women grown to the perfection of womanhood. Woman in Italy, though far from being so all-important a force as in France, has nevertheless very great influence. She is frequently of surprising beauty, of deeply emotional life, and yet marked by the greatest devotion to her household duties; she is, above all, thoroughly womanly in the most noble sense of the word.

Perhaps Italy's trump card in the future is her supremely excellent geopolitical position. Her great geographical advantages were largely contributory to the rise and prosperity of Venice. During the latter half of the last century the conditions of Venice from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries have, by the opening of the Suez Canal, reappeared to a great extent, but this time for the benefit of Italy as a whole. Italy is still the centre of the Mediterranean world, but of a regenerated Mediterranean world, in which the going to and fro of commerce is increasing every day. She has now reassumed her former position midway between the Orient and the Western world. The opening of the Suez Canal promises well for the future of Italy. She has not been able to avail herself to the full of the benefits of her newly-acquired position; she has had great evils at home with which to contend; but within the coming few years she must perforce make use of her advantages. A good geographical situation inevitably, almost automatically, confers prosperity.

Let us cast a glance at two of the great evils against which Italy has had to struggle. After a thousand years of unsuccessful straining after unity, she has at last succeeded in reaching the longed-for goal. Unhappily union has not come as the fruit of her own efforts, but has been conferred upon her by the victories of France and Prussia over the Austrians in 1859 and in 1866 respectively. When a nation has won its own independence by the expenditure of its own energies, and at the cost of its own blood, it receives an incalculable stimulus to further progress. How great was the effect upon Athens of her triumphant issue from the wrestle for life or death against the overwhelming might of Persia. No sooner had she come off victorious than she rose at one bound to the zenith of her intellectual and political glory. Two thousand years later history repeats itself. The crushing defeat of Philip II., and the destruction of his "invincible" Armada, is for England the opening of her career of fame; it was immediately followed by her golden age of letters and intellect. To return to Italy, as we have said, her independence was not her own achievement. Is it, therefore, a matter for surprise that her union has not had as a sequence that leap forward in prosperity which seems to have been so confidently expected from it?

Moreover, the union is by no means so thorough as externals would lead us to conclude. This is Italy's second evil. The House of Savoy, the present reigning family, has stripped the Holy See of its temporal dominions, and has raised up for itself an irreconcilable

foe in the Papal Curia. Since Italy is still almost exclusively Catholic, the Church has at its beck and call an immense power of latent hostility to the existing Government. This is the one great shadow which is cast upon the otherwise brilliant future of Italy.

III. FRANCE.

No modern nation's history has ever exercised such a fascination or cast such a glamor over the minds of men as has that of France. Every volume that tells of France's doings in the past, and every fresh batch of *mémoires*, authentic or apocryphal, is read with keen interest and keen delight by quite as many thousands of people outside French frontiers as within. And while speaking of apocryphal *mémoires*, is there any other country in Europe where the writer of this, the most ingenious form of literary charlatanism, could ply his calling to profit and advantage? The throng of people in England, America and Germany whose lot it is to earn their bread in the less exalted branches of letters, know well how great their debt of gratitude is to French authors, who keep them busy with an unfailing supply of translating and re-editing to do. In no other country, certainly, do the rights of translation find so ready a market. But we need hardly insist upon a fact which will so readily be accorded by all as is the popularity of the history of France. When Archduke Charles of Austria, the great adversary of Napoleon, once said (it will be found in his *mémoires*) that he took no interest in any history but in that of France, if he cannot be said exactly to have been talking platitudes, he was at least repeating what had been said countless times before, and what has been the unspoken thought of very many others after him. We shall make some endeavor to solve the riddle of the wonderful charm pervading French history. It is a charm, however, which is anything but confined to history. It will not be difficult to prove that it is neither unjustified nor unnatural. Surely when we institute a comparison, the annals of all other people seem somewhat one-sided; they rarely speak of more than one-half of themselves. In France history has been made by man and woman; we meet countless entrancing personalities of either sex, and this goes no small way to explain the interest of the general reader. The study of institutions to him seems dry; he wishes for a history not only instructive but amusing, and in which he can still feel the pulses of human life. And this he finds pre-eminently in France.

But this explanation, much as it doubtless contains of truth, is not entirely satisfying: it will not tell us why people took so keen a delight in all that hailed from France long before France had got any very long tale of history to boast. Dante, at the dawn of the fourteenth century, tells us that French dress, French manners, French customs were everywhere the fashion of the day. French was spoken by everybody, and ever since, though it has become modified into something very different, the French language has been spoken widely from one end of Europe to the other. In olden days it was a language of deep, sonorous melody; but we will speak more of its present-day qualities. It still has elegance of tone and clear-cut form, but it is more to its, may we say, psychological excellencies than to its natural good points that it owes its pre-eminence. Its diplomatic use may recall the days when French influence, the influence of Louis XIV., was paramount in Europe; but its survival points to permanent advantages. It is the most delicate weapon of diplomatic fence; it is the foil which touches, discomfits the adversary without inflicting any open wound. It is to this unblunder-

ing *finesse* that French owes much of its popularity: it is the language of tact and the only tongue which has developed to a fine art the use of *sous-entendu*. The rigid moralist may feel a preference for the speech which says everything bluntly, in bare, bald nudity; but it is a speech which will perhaps leave him a few times too often in awkward predicaments in life. One more proof of the spread of French linguistic influence. German, in spite of its modern re-Germanization, is saturated to the core with French. It was the language which Goethe knew as well as his own; it was the language in which Lessing long meditated writing his *"Laokoon"*; it was the language in which the great philosopher and mathematician Liebnitz did compose his famous *"Theodicée."* Need we add the well-known example of Gibbon, who habitually threw all his thoughts into form in French and subsequently turned them into English.

In opposition to this almost universal knowledge of French comes the equally universal ignorance of France. Nor is this a matter of very great surprise. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that France is not so much unknown as misunderstood. Despite external signs of amity, the deep-rooted, lasting prejudices against France are legion. The hard things said of her are as the sands of the sea. These misconceptions are not the result of envy or of jealousy alone; the most patriotic Frenchman would not put so harsh a construction upon them. The truth is that France, like every other complicated nation, but perhaps even more so than other nations, lends herself to misrepresentation. If we know the character of one Servian, we know the character of all Servia. Not so with France. We do not know the character of France from the type of a single Frenchman. In the highly civilized nations there is a light and shade which is quite absent among the smaller, less-developed, less cultured peoples. In France probably the scale of lights and shades is wider than anywhere else. Unhappily the foreigner is as a rule far more prone to see the shades. To the foreigner, moreover, the association of ideas in which he has lived and been brought up is overpowering. It entails the greatest effort for him to enter into, or appreciate, other national ideals. There is an antipathy of character between the Englishman and the Frenchman. From the familiar example of gestures and gesticulation let us seek to draw another lesson. Imagine the associations which an average young Englishman has with gestures. In everyday life they are quite unfamiliar to him, and the only place where he is likely to see them is on the stage. There they are theatrical. From theatrical the transition to artificial is almost imperceptible. And from artificial his thoughts will at once lead him on through all the gamut of human shortcomings, imperfections and even vices. Our young Englishman, supremely unconscious of the associations with which his mind already teems, betakes himself across the Channel, and the first young Frenchman or Frenchwoman with whom he falls into talk will gesticulate, and will consequently be at once set down as theatrical, thence artificial, and hence we shudder to think what.

All that has been so far said of France is more or less introductory. But we could hardly pursue our subject before the reader was forewarned, and, we hope in some measure, forearmed against national prejudice in general, and its subtle causes. Let us now investigate some of the elements upon which the mainsprings of French life depend, and which are likely or not to contribute to the future welfare of France. It would be impossible to do better than to begin with the French-

woman, the most important person of the French social economy, in which she certainly ranks before the man.

This not being an anthropological treatise, we are not called upon to go into the Frenchwoman's physical characteristics in any detail. There are beautiful women in France as there are unbeautiful; whether the average standard of good looks is higher or lower in France than elsewhere, is not very material. We shall have something to say of the Frenchwoman's peculiar charm later. Let us now take her when she is yet a young girl and see by what steps her character is moulded. Outside the Orient, the French girl is the most secluded of any. To those who have not seen it, the almost penitential isolation in which the French girl up to the time of her marriage is kept from the other sex, except from the members of her immediate family, is very nearly inconceivable. To this seclusion must be attributed very largely two cardinal defects of France, one literary, the other social. It has often been wondered why French poetry is sterile in lyrics; but is not the very fountain of lyric verse wanting? Are not modern lyrics inspired by the social intercourse of the young man with the young and innocent girl? We shall not perhaps find a fitter occasion for speaking of the French novel, which has probably been productive of more misunderstanding with regard to France than anything else. It is certainly the chief vehicle through which a knowledge, or rather pseudo-knowledge, of France is spread. Numberless people are conversant enough with French to read with ease this lighter form of French literature, but their psychological insight is quite insufficient. The novelist in France is driven into an unenviable position. He is absolutely debarred from introducing the *jeune fille* into his writings. In life she is a nonentity; in the novel she would be an absurdity. There is no subject of interest on which to build a romance except the illicit amour after marriage. The novelist is compelled, in spite of himself, to treat life invariably from the point of view of adultery. By no other means can he give his book even a semblance of plausibility. The foreign novel reader, however, leaps at once to the conclusion that his French author depicts the prevalent features of French married life. Nothing could certainly be more absurdly untrue, as a few months' sojourn in France would certainly convince the most rabid of Francophobes. The future of the French novel is not bright; these limitations which are imposed upon its topic doom it to monotony. With whatever grace of style, or interesting setting the author may surround his plot, it is bound to revolve upon the same unsavory theme, which finally becomes wearisome in the extreme. The influence of the French novel is undoubtedly pernicious, but it is certainly far from being so great as is currently supposed. By the woman of France the novel is scarcely read: she has no time for it, as we shall see when we come to look into her real sphere of activity. Let us, then, admit that the French novel is doomed owing to the social conditions of France: the ordinary married woman, important as her part may be in actual life, does not offer the interest necessary for a romance; and in spite of the profound thought with which a Balzac may enwrap his theme, or the brilliants with which many more recent novelists have studded their work, there can be no permanent success. The French may remain the most dazzling of *raconteurs*, they will never, so long as the conditions in which they live persist, rise to the heights of first-class novel-writing.

Let us pass on to the social result of the seclusion of the French girl, and here the outlook is even less promising.

We shall find later much which compensates for the deleterious effect exercised upon the character of the young men of France by their complete severance from the respectable portion of the other sex. It is this isolation which has given rise to the great bane of France, the *demi-monde* and the *grisette*, though the latter name is somewhat out of fashion. Of course, when viewed through foreign glasses, this side of French life is also liable to be set down as another feature of general moral depravity. But we must always be on our guard against moral generalizations. The attitude of the shocked and indignant moralist is not conducive to a real insight into the truth. This characteristic of France is a necessary consequence and concomitant of the other social institutions of the country. The strict seclusion in which the French girl is held before marriage, although on the one hand it is the prime cause of the virtue, the energy and restless industry of the married Frenchwoman; yet on the other hand it is undeniable that it is the indirect prime cause of many of the objectionable social habits of French young men and their *déclassées* mates. For this is the great principle of all sociology: that for institutions making for ideals such as virtue, order, national glory, etc., we must invariably pay heavy prices. So far, at any rate, those ideals have never been realized without very grave drawbacks in another direction. The Athenian was a glorious specimen of mankind: but he was possible only on a pedestal of down trodden slaves. So it is with every nation; and it is only the conventional hypocrisy or ignorance that disguises or misses the fact of the melancholy inter-dependence between ideals and the penalties paid for them.

It is out of this captivity of years that the French girl emerges the French woman. She has the character which will carry her through the numberless difficulties, the numberless deprivations, the innumerable self-abnegations with which her path is strewn. Her character has been bought with a Spartan training in her youth. Witness the cost at which English will-power and English virility are purchased. From the age of ten, by the systematic suppression of youth and gaiety, by the equally searching test of a precocious responsibility, the English boy at eighteen has become a volitional athlete, without peer in Continental Europe. He can be, and frequently is, entrusted with positions of confidence and responsibility at an age when the Frenchman is certainly still in parental leading-strings. The English boy has his complement, his counterpart in the French girl, whose training on her side is equally searching, thorough and severe. The physical discipline of old time Sparta was nothing to the moral drill of the French girl. According to the unshakeable principle laid down a few lines above, French womanhood is bought at the price of French girlhood. When she emerges from her seclusion she has all the high-strung, braced-up energies which enable her to fill her position in the home. People who have only seen England and America can with difficulty realize how thoroughly the Frenchwoman pervades every detail of family life. Nothing is done without her counsel and consent. In business she has her say, and many of the great commercial houses trace their descent in the feminine line. It is the Frenchwoman who rules from the *caisse*, who keeps the books, who sees the travellers, etc. She realizes to the full her importance in her world, how much her influence may achieve and contribute to the family advancement. Her amiability will secure her friends and she knows the value of friends. May not any stranger contain potential utility? Nothing, at all events, is lost

if you secure his good feeling. Her good nature, which has become her second nature, rather her only nature, has its origin in the most logical, the most long-headed, and practical reasons. We do not wish to imply that it is interested and self-seeking; it has so long ago become part of her being that the origins are dimmed and forgotten. But the great element of her charm is in her righteous self-respect. Those who would wish for a tangible concrete proof of the Frenchwoman's supreme importance should remember one striking feature of French critics, at least to the foreign idea—the frequency with which in shop signs the names of husband and wife are coupled together, the common occurrence of widows' names in the same way, and many other familiar examples.

To pass on to the Frenchman, we have seen to what perils his youth is exposed owing to his complete absorption by his family; he is even more likely to fall a ready victim to temptation, owing to the comparative dependence in which his boyhood and early manhood are passed. We have seen that the education of his character and will-power are really neglected, and he is kept in a state of tutelage which to the English boy would savor too much of "bemothering." He is then suddenly given over to his own devices, often with disastrous results. We have examples which are hardly exaggerated, in the classical works of "*Sapho*" and "*La Dame aux Camélias*." From the age of twenty-one he will in the generality of cases be subjected to a course of severe discipline, this time in the army; and we shall not again have an opportunity of judging to what extent his character has been formed until he has completed his period of conscription, formerly three, now two years. It is improbable that he will have attained his complete moral development before the age of thirty. At that age, or soon after, he will afford the rare spectacle of a man with all the pluck and energy which we are accustomed to associate with British youth, and yet retaining the cheerfulness of disposition of boyhood. He is in the position of one who has had his fling and is now ready to settle down to the sober realities of existence. It is probable, if statistics may be taken as a criterion, that he has more stamina and resisting power, as the rate of mortality in France between the ages of fifty and sixty is considerably lower than in either England or Germany.

Much has been said of the nervous and fidgety temperament of the French: it is a superficial judgment which assigns them such a nature. Apart from his more or less artistic style of conversation, there are probably few more matter-of-fact men than the Frenchman. He carries reasoning into many more branches of actual life than is usually the case among other nations. Seldom does his eye lose sight of the main chance. Reasoning in France has been carried into the arrangement of marriage; and reason is everywhere. It is no doubt due in a great part to this exaggerated love of cold reasoning, and traditional systematization of everything, that there are few openings in French commercial or public life for the free lance. There are few Frenchmen in France who have succeeded in a single lifetime as the result of their own unaided energies. The idea of French nervousness has no doubt principally arisen from a wrong interpretation of the vicissitudes of French public life and political history. It is drawn in no small part from the spectacle of rapidly succeeding French Cabinets and Parliaments. But it would be only just to remember that the French Chamber of Deputies is an institution of far less consequence than the English Lower House. We must look for the real battle of French Government

in the bureaucratic *administration*, than which nothing could be more sober and less nervous. French nerves are doubtless less steady since the humiliation of 1871, and, like all people humbled by defeat, they are somewhat demoralized. Consider what would be the state of the English mind if Dover and Kent were in the hands of the Germans and being rapidly Teutonized.

But what is least realized in France by the casual stranger is her immense wealth. It has long been well known to the economist and the statistician that France is the richest country in Europe, but to the general public her wealth seems incredible, and chiefly for the reason that it leads to very little outward display. It requires, for example, a very keen insight into the workings of French social manners and customs to enable you to assign the inhabitants, say, of a small provincial town to their respective places in the scale of wealth. The accumulation of riches does not draw in its train all those differences in the way of life, in dress and social position, which we are wont to associate with it in England. Enter the principal *café* of some departmental capital and watch those two men playing billiards, and who appear to be on a footing of perfect familiarity one towards another. You would hardly guess, for there is certainly no distinction of attire, that the one is living on his income of some £4,000 a year, the other is still a struggling chemist in the town. It is wonderful, too, how much opulence very often lies hidden, almost unsuspected, under the apparently humble externals of the ordinary tradesman. When he has laid by a pile on which the English tradesman would certainly consider himself justified in retiring, the Frenchman still clings to business. Although his every-day expenses are very probably less, he has, as a rule, far heavier drains on his purse. Each of his daughters will claim a handsome dowry if she is to be married well, and these dowries must be paid without impoverishing the business, a course which would entail an injury to the prospects of his son. It is obvious that the Frenchman has very good reasons for sticking to his shop, and these reasons are reinforced by two points in his character which are essentially French. In no country is the passion for hoarding money developed to such a degree as it is in France. The bounds of praiseworthy thrift and economy are too often left behind, and the passion for saving grows into miserly avarice. Herein the French suffer from the defects of their good qualities. The thrift of France is known all the world over. Pauperdom in France has been reduced to the lowest possible minimum, while most of the tradesmen have two or three lines of financial defence behind which to retire in case of business reverses. To come, however, to the second point in his character which keeps the French shopkeeper to his counter. In retiring he sees no prospect of greatly modifying his social standing, nor has he any desire so to do. The retailer in France has no feeling of dishonor in belonging to his allotted station in life. Small-trading leaves no slur, and he does not feel any passion for dissociating himself with anything suggestive of the shop. Shopkeeper he is, and shopkeeper he is proud to be and to have been. His calling has given him a self-respect which a similar calling could not give in every country of Europe.

Here we have struck the keynote of French private life. No country of Europe has been so thoroughly de-mediævalized as France. The barriers of class and caste have been levelled to the uttermost, and though these barriers still subsist, as they must, there is nothing in them that is galling or preventive of a thoroughly good understanding through all ranks of society.

There is no straining of one class to enter another, and consequently very little of that sense of discomfort which arises from false position. Very few men in France find it desirable to conceal their social origin. They are fully conscious of the position in life they have been born in, and are well pleased with it.

We have been induced somewhat to digress. A few striking examples of the almost fabulous wealth of France and we will pass on to discuss her political prospects. Peasant dowries ranging between ten and fifty thousand francs are anything but uncommon, and as we rise in the social scale so the figures rise. The statistical returns of moneys devolving by inheritance show a total for France nearly thirty times as great as those for England, Austria or Germany. It is not uncommon in England to receive money by legacy; in Hungary the legacy has become so fabulous as to be the stock subject for jokes and pleasantries; but in France the acquisition of riches by bequest is so common as to be almost the rule. In no other country could the famous Humbert frauds have gained credence for a moment: in France the huge heritage of the "Crawfords" was not extraordinary enough to excite very critical comment. The success of this giant *escamotage* was due less to the personal genius of that arch-swindler Thérèse Humbert, than to the social conditions of the land in which she had the astuteness to lay her plans. It is probable that no other country save France could have paid with so little difficulty the immense indemnity exacted by Germany after the close of the war of 1870-1. Germany herself thought that France would be crippled for years to come by the payment of £200,000,000 ($1,000,000,000). It is well known with what astounding rapidity France discharged the debt, and how quickly her finances recovered afterwards; but it is not always remembered that the French losses during the period of actual warfare cannot well be estimated at less than £1,000,000,000 ($5,000,000,000); yet a few years later France was already on the save, and any municipal corporation requiring loans for public works and improvements was able to obtain them at a very moderate rate of interest.

It is anything but uncommon to hear France classed among the decadent nations of Europe; but even when apparently unmistakable symptoms of decay can be observed in a people, it is very rash to predict an approaching downfall and dissolution. Such predictions have almost invariably fallen very wide of the truth. We have only to go back a century and a quarter to the days when England had just come out of her fruitless struggle to crush the revolt of her American colonists (1783) to see how the confident prophecies of her political opponents, that she would no longer be capable of interfering in European affairs, were terribly disappointed. The Courts of the Continent made haste to chant the dirge of English greatness, little dreaming that after the lapse of but a few brief years England resurgent would become the arbiter of their own fortunes. She refused to be relegated to the position of a second-rate Holland, but in 1798 had so far restored her shattered navy as to be able to secure by the battle of the Nile the maritime ascendancy which she had struggled through more than a century to win. This is the era of England's dominant sea power, for in the Seven Years' War (1756-63) she had not done more than hold her own, while from 1775 to 1783 her fleet was defeated time after time, and England owed her safety at home only to the apathy of the Spanish and French.

England, by the time of the Napoleonic Wars, had long ago given up all idea of territorial acquisitions on the

Continental mainland. But the possession of an overwhelming fleet and superabundant capital permitted her to interfere with the greatest effect in Continental affairs, and the side on which she chose to fight, or which she thought fit to subsidize, was pretty safe to come off with flying colors.

We have been led into this momentary digression in order the better to show the position of contemporary France, which has almost, so to speak, stepped into the shoes in which England stood a hundred years back. If England reaped advantages from her insulated position, France's position on the Continent to-day is one of political insulation. She is the country which can afford to subsidize her friends; and her army, probably the most effective in Europe, with the second navy of the world, makes her a coveted ally. She has the advantage of having no hankering after territorial aggrandizement, her desires being limited to the recovery of the Rhine frontier and Alsace and Lorraine, and her lost prestige. Her Continental neighbors are not so unambitious, and Germany is still credited with the wish to regain the German-speaking Russian provinces of Livland and Courland, and to absorb the Teutonic part of Austria. When the day of conflict comes France will sit astride the balance which she will be able to incline one way or another as best suits her ends. We must not give too willing credence to the propaganda of the *franc-maçons* and others, who now hold a high position in France, and foretell an era of peace for France, during which she will be the *ville-lumière*, whence shall radiate art and civilization. It is a fair ideal, but one which would cost too dear. Such a torch would consume five hundred thousand lives a day, and would serve but to cast a lurid glow upon the death agonies of France. The peacefulness of France is but surface deep, and she only awaits an occasion to avenge the disgrace of the war of '70. She has obeyed the behest of Gambetta, "*N'en parler jamais, y penser toujours.*"

Nothing can be of greater service to a nation than a true sense of its own value, a true sense of proportion, even if dearly purchased. The disasters of *l'année terrible* had a sobering effect upon France which cannot fail to prove highly beneficial. Before 1870 the French had reached a most injurious degree of self-satisfaction. France was not only a great nation but *la grande nation*, the other great Powers of Europe being reckoned as of little importance. France now knows that there are other nations in Europe, that it is well for her to be ever on her guard against them, and that she cannot afford to trust to an inflated reputation.

One of the greatest assets of France, however, is her wonderful homogeneity. She is much more united and consolidated than any other European country, but the provinces, although thoroughly merged in a national whole, still preserve to a great extent their individual types. To speak of a Bourguignon or Picard, or a Gascon, is not only to give a man a distinct geographical position, it is also to describe his character.

The Republic, much as it may be abused, was a powerful agent of French success, as it has proved by surviving longer than any other form of Government since the *ancien régime* was thrown down. It is, after all, the natural form of government for a country so homogeneous as France, just as Royalty is the necessary adjunct of a land which is much divided by heterogeneous forces. In such a country, for instance, as Austria, the throne forms the one rallying point of innumerable discordant elements. Where the bond of Royalty is so all important, we may be sure that the line of succession will

be carefully maintained, no matter what the qualities or the defects of the particular monarch. But where a Republic is at all feasible it certainly confers manifold benefits. The decease or incapability of the ruler in a monarchical or imperial country may be productive of the direst consequences; in a republic it is always possible to have a capable man at the helm, and if he be tried and found wanting he can be readily replaced.

It has long been customary to regard the French Colonial Empire as more or less a failure; it should, however, not be forgotten that it embraces many of the richest portions of the globe, and would prove an immense source of capital in the event of European war. The African colonies have the additional advantage of being within a few hours' steam of the mother country. The late policy of France with regard to the Holy See has done much to nullify the sapping influence of the Catholic Church in France, and to rid the French of the one discordant element within their frontiers. With so many points to favor her, we can hardly doubt that France has the greatest chances of future success.

Emil Reich.

The Contemporary Review.

THE COLLECTED OEMS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.*

To appear in the familiar livery of the Standard Edition, if it isn't a canonization for a poet, is as nearly as possible to be beatified. It is to be singled out and given, as it were, the chance to show what miracles may be worked by invoking him, what cures wrought in his name—how long, in fact, his "bell" will ring. It is a step upwards in the hagiology, but it is, also, to be put very decidedly on trial. It gives us, I mean, something to think of when the best work of a newly "collected" poet is presented to us suddenly in a type, and on a page, where most plain men are accustomed to find "The Tempest."

It is like seeing a wall-painting taken from the painter's studio and set into its niche in a great hall. "Values" readjust themselves, details drop into place or stick out, and you are set thinking: Will this last and be reverently taken care of, or will the dust finally settle onto a thing grown dull, until it flakes from the wall and is forgotten?

In the case of Christina Rossetti, the image is that of a mosaic rather than of a fresco, since hitherto the tendency has been to regard her as the poet of what some one has called small-gemmedness. Ever since the appearance of "Uphill," in 1861, small fragments of her verse have been floating in the air, as it were. Almost every person at all lettered has carried about with him some little piece. You will find one man who retains with intimate pleasure some small phrase, like, "Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam"; others have not forgotten a stanza or so of, "When I am dead, my dearest"; some have by heart nearly the whole of:—

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole
    long day?
  From morn to night, my friend?

And I know that a great many more,

* "The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti." Preface, Notes, &c., by William Michael Rossetti. Macmillan and Co., 1903.

not literate at all, do constantly read favorite verses of her religious poems. At any rate, up and down the land there have been treasured for many years these small and gem-like fragments. Now, at last, the mosaic fits back to the wall, and the whole figure can be seen.

She lived her whole life behind a veil. She had not any literary contacts that counted very much. Upon the whole, in early days, she was a dark horse, not very much valued, if well loved, in a circle brilliant, buoyant, and, as youth will be, noisy in a fine way. She must have been often enough in the room with several great personages at one time. But it was natural that in such a roomful she should not make much noise. Her brothers and their distinguished companions troubled mostly about abstract ideas, they made movements, and such large things. In abstract matters she was not singularly intellectual: indeed, we may say that she was not intellectual at all. She had strong and settled faiths that simply could not be talked about, and she had above all a gift that was priceless; a faculty for picking up, like a tiny and dainty mouse, little precious crumbs of observation that were dropped unnoticed by people who, in argument, assailed each other with tremendous words. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, considered that her verse was hardly worth publishing.

In those tremendous contests of young lungs of genius, whilst Ingres' works were being called filthy slosh, Van Eyck's tremendous, Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" simply comic, and Delacroix a perfect beast; whilst Academicians were being damned, and Primitives belauded; whilst, in fact, the P.R.B. was still, as is the way with romantic youth, hammering the Universe to its pattern, Christina's voice simply did not carry. No doubt she learnt lessons. But you may imagine her sitting still, bright-eyed, smiling in the least, observing very much, and quite content to write one of her little poems next morning on the corner of her washstand.

The least considerable of the pre-Raphaelites ruined the youth of her life. She was a person of rigid principle, and he a wavering human being. (I imagine that the story is well enough known.) She was a convinced Anglican: Mr. Collinson had been one. He had become a Roman Catholic when he fell in love with her. She refused him on account of his religion, and he shortly afterwards reverted to Anglicanism. She accepted him then, and after a time he once more became a Roman Catholic. It isn't one's business to reprehend Mr. Collinson; he was obviously concerned for his soul. "He had none the less," says her brother, "struck a staggering blow at Christina Rossetti's peace of mind on the very threshold of womanly life—a blow from which she did not recover for years. He died in 1881."

And, indeed the tinge of sadness, of resignation, the attitude of hands folded in the lap is the suggestion of a great part of her verse. But there are other tones:—

> My heart is like a singing bird,
> Whose nest is in a watered shoot,
> My heart is like an apple tree,
> Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Raise me a dais of silk and down,
> Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
> Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
> And peacocks with a hundred eyes.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Because the birthday of my life
> Is come, my love is come to me.

And this may be cited not as evidence of any historic event, not for instance as a pæan for Mr. Collinson, but simply to show that she had in her a strain of pagan feeling and a capacity

for pure joy. And even if you put, as the other end of the scale:—

> The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
> Was but a dream, and now I wake
> Exceeding comfortless, and worn and old,
> For a dream's sake,

it will stand as much for desire as for resignation.

Her union with her family was very close. For her mother she had a love which was an adoration. These two lived together with nothing to disturb their ties, with no events save deaths and bereavements, maintaining thus apart a life so tranquil that the rumor of events in the outer world penetrated through the mists and shadows of the regions round Bloomsbury into their warm home like sounds heard faintly and from a distance through closed doors—until her mother too died. She knew, later on, a period of tranquil and deep love for a very charming and unworldly scholar. Him, too, she could not marry because of his religious belief, or because of his latitude. Says Mr. Rossetti: "She declined his suit without ceasing to see him, and to cherish him as a friend. Knowing the state of her heart at the time the offer was made, I urged her to marry, and offered that they should both, if money difficulties stood in the way, share my home. But she had made up her mind. . . . and she remained immovable. Years passed; she became an elderly and an old woman, and she loved the scholarly recluse to the last day of his life, December 5th, 1883, and to the last day of her own, his memory."

And it is pleasant and instructive to transcribe this note to one of her poems: "'My Mouse.' This was not a mouse in the ordinary sense, but a 'sea-mouse.' Mr. Cayley had picked it up on the sea-shore and presented it to my sister, preserved in spirits. The sea-mouse was with her to the end, and may remain with me to the end; its brilliant hues are still vivid." Towards the close of her life she became almost a recluse; her mind dwelt solely upon her religion, her verses became exclusively devotional, and her time was given up to acts of charity. She was then very brown in complexion, and somewhat startling in aspect, because a disease caused her eyes to protrude. She dressed in deep black, and spoke with precision, pausing for words with her head a little on one side. A half-humorous, half-introspective smile was never far from her lips. In an atmosphere of shadow, in a house overshadowed by the tall trees of a London square, she was a figure not so much striking as penetrating, and, in face of her self-possession, her deliberate and rare movements, her clear and bell-like enunciation—it was difficult to realize that one had in front of one either a great poet or a woman suffering from more than one painful and lingering disease, from great bereavements, and, above all, from very terrible religious fears.

But if she were a recluse, she was not shut out from personal contacts; if she did not "go out" much, she did not shut her doors. She had her reservations: in matters of her faith her mind was simply closed. She neither debated nor, as far as I know, did she ever attempt to convert any one who differed. But very decidedly she was not unable to be vigorous if she considered herself attacked. A young poet of an ingenuous and seraphic appearance once went to see her. He wanted to offer homage, and he had the top of a thin volume peeping out of his jacket pocket. He belonged to a school that in those days was called *fin-de-siècle*, his verse was rather aggressively decadent, and he was in a small way well known. I suppose she considered that his coming was in the nature of an aggression, and, almost

before one had realized that conversation had begun, she was talking about modern verse—deploring its tendencies, deriding its powers of expression, and attacking it in a gentle voice with words keen, sharp, and precise, like a scalpel. It was an uncomfortable twenty minutes, and the young poet went away with his volume still in his pocket. So that, as a general rule, if she never obtruded her beliefs, she was, upon occasion, perfectly able to keep her own end rather more than "up."

No other biographic details seem to tell anything about the main tendencies of her verses. Many of her poems may have been suggested by events, but they were inspired psychologically. They were renderings of emotions she had felt. She did not, I mean, sit down to "poetize" on her vicissitudes.

It is convenient to call her verse lyric, but the term is not strictly correct, as I shall attempt to explain later. It is assuredly not Epic; it is never exactly Elegiac, nor is it ever really Narrative verse. Most particularly it is not philosophic, hortatory, or improving. Even her devotional poetry is seldom other than the expression of a mood. It is a prayer, an adoration of the Saviour, a fear of the Almighty, a craving for pardon and for rest. "Passing away, saith the World, Passing away," is the presentation of a Christian mood; her devotional poem on the largest scale, the "Processional," is a presentation of the whole of Creation defiling before God the Father, and uttering a Doxology. But her verse is never a sermon; it never preaches, and that, no doubt, is why it lives. In that matter she had the Latin temperament, the instinct that makes you see that if you want to convince you must interest, and if you want to interest you must draw concrete pictures, leaving your hearer to draw the morals. That too, as far as the presentation of her matter goes, is the "technique" of her secular poetry; she had the gift of just, simple, and touching words, and with them she drew pictures that expressed her moods.

The expression of moods—that after all is the only business of the lyric poet. And when he has conveyed those moods to others he has succeeded. It is very decidedly not his business to look at things on the large scale, to "write poetic," to be more impracticable, frenzied, or romantic than Nature has made him. He has to appeal rather than to overwhelm, to hang in the ear rather than to sweep you away with organ peals. It is for these reasons that Christina Rossetti deserves to live.

This new edition challenges a readjustment of our views of her. It emphasizes her other sides; it brings forward her larger flights. It groups together in a prominent place works in which, if the modelling is not broader, the outlines at least contain more canvas. This does not much affect one's view of her technique; she remains still the poet of lines, of stanzas, of phrases, and of cadences that are intimately right. But, with the grouping together of her longer verse, there stands out a buoyancy of temperament, a profuseness, a life, and, as far as the metre of the verse is concerned, an infectious gaiety. There appears too, more strongly defined, her little humor, her delicate playfulness, her major key.

"Goblin Market," with which the volume opens, moves breathlessly. Its metre is short, its rhymes are concealed enough not to hinder you with a jingle of assonances, and accurate enough to keep the stanzas together.

> At last the evil people,
> Worn out by her resistance,
> Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit,
> Along whichever road they took,
> Not leaving shoot or stone or root;
> Some writhed into the ground,

Some dived into the brook,
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.

The whole poem goes in one breath. Yet it is treated with so much detail as to give the impression of profusion and of value. It is succeeded in the volume by three earlier poems of some length. "Repining," and the "Three Nuns," are juvenile efforts, rather dry in tone, and a little formal, but austerely worded. They show interestingly how, in the girl, the organ, the vehicle of expression, was already formed and waiting for the afflatus. Or, perhaps, it was only for the subject that she was waiting, since between the two poems she had already written: "When I am Dead, my Dearest" (and, indeed, it is no small boast for a family to be able to make that one member should have written this poem when she was eighteen, and another "The Blessed Damosel," before he was twenty).

"The Lowest Room," and "From House to Home," were both written before "Goblin Market," and both after she had attained to maturity, the one in 1856, the other two years later. They indicate change of temperament, a hardening of point of view as well as of technical attainment. The first is a sort of commentary on the Homeric combatants, and, if at the end it strikes the note of resignation, and utters the words: These things are not for me, it certainly shows that the poet enjoyed describing the combats whilst they lasted. This note of life as a thing enjoyable and exciting is also the note of the opening of "From House to Home," but the recoil from that idea is here not towards resignation. It announces definitely—and in more set terms than she employed anywhere else—that earthly joy is a snare and a lure:—

The first was like a dream through summer heat,
. . . . . .
It was a pleasure place within my soul,
. . . . . .
That lured me from my goal.

She draws a picture of her royal estate: a castle, a pleasaunce, pastures, parks, and forests peopled with the quaint and sprightly beasts that she loved:—

My heath lay further off where lizards lived,
In strange metallic mail, just spied and gone,
Like darted lightnings here and there perceived,
But nowhere dwelt upon.

And there she delighted harmlessly enough walking with a being like an angel:—

And sometimes like a snowdrift he was fair,
And sometimes like a sunset glorious red,
And sometimes he had wings to scale the air,
An aureole round his head.
. . . . . .
"To-morrow," once I said to him with smiles,
"To-night," he answered gravely and was dumb,
But pointed out the stones that numbered miles,
And miles and miles to come.
"Not so," I said, "to-morrow shall be sweet,
To-night is not so sweet as coming days."
Then first I saw that he had turned his feet,
Had turned from me his face.

The angel left her; her earth turned to winter, and the poem becomes one long apocalypse of pictures seen by a soul that is tortured by the remorse of having lived. It contains magnificent verses, but it falls off. It has poignant lines like this, from a description of souls before the throne:

Each face looked one way like a moon new lit,

but the impetus of the verse disappears. This may be because it is didactic, or derivative, or because the poet simply had not yet the strength to keep up—or because it was written with more emotion, and in consequence with more inflation.

But "Goblin Market" was written next year, and from that time onward all her longer verse kept its level of inspiration. It has a profusion of imagination, a power of painting pictures; here and there it has dramatic places, and always a level austerity and restraint in the wording. The longer poems range from a "Royal Princess," which is dramatic, vigorous, and bitter, to a charming ballad of three maidens with happy loves, and from that to the fine "Processional of Creation." The last of the longer poems here given is "Later Life, a double Sonnet of Sonnets," and this suggests, after all, the clue to all her longer pieces. The throwing these thus together challenges, as I have said, a readjustment in our minds, a revision of our mental image of Christina Rossetti's structural technique. It holds out, as it were, this rearrangement, the idea that here was a writer of "sustained" verse, who had, at least potentially, epic as well as lyric gifts. But "Later Life" is a sequence of sonnets and careful examination will reveal that the "Processional of Creation" is a sequence of pictures, and so, too, the "Prince's Progress" and "Goblin Market" are sequences—as you might say, strings of beads. They prove, if proof be needed, that, by very careful handling, the lyrical method may be applied to make long poems that are readable and entrancing. But there is not the sweep of pinions; the flight is that of the fieldfare that now and then crosses a sea.

That is, of course, a method like another, and it is no condemnation to say that a writer's method is not the Epic; it is mostly a matter of temperament, the Epic's being the temperament of action, the other's that of observation. For if each of these longer poems is a chain of delicate and intimate "places," beads of pure beauty, the links between are little quaintnesses, little pieces of observation so humanly rendered that they make you read on to the next "place." And each whole poem has its key, its level of individuality. That is, so to speak, the string on which the beads, little and big, are strung. Here the method and temperament are generally lucky. Delicate humor, as a rule, counteracts that tendency to "write poetic," which is the bane of so many poets; it does away with any danger that the writer will try to get the "poetic point of view," it leaves her simple and natural. It lets her be human and interesting, when for the moment the theme is not grandiose, and it does not hinder soaring when the time comes.

"Goblin Market," for instance, is a poem concerned with human beings exposed to temptations. The human beings and their cravings are the subject, the tempters are subordinate. If, then, Christina Rossetti had made the tempters evil demi-gods they must have been either well done, and too large for the frame, or ill done and not alive. Here they are:—

Curious Laura chose to linger,
Wondering at each merchant man;
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat, prowled obtuse and
furry.

These, if you like, are unconventional and not dignified, but they are—and that is the main thing—in tone with the piece. And the passages in higher notes have not need to strain in order to rise from that level. This is a note of craving:—

One day, remembering her kernel stone,
She set it by a wall that faced the
south,
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root;
But there came none.
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run,
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth,
She pined for melons. . . .

Most of the strong effects of the poem are no more forced than this—they are poignant and human rather than aloof and poetic. (This stanza, by the by, is a very good instance of what, for lack of a more precise word, I have called her Latin technique of presentation. The longing is not written about, but the actions of one longing are rendered and her picture drawn: "With sunk eyes and faded mouth, she dreamed of melons." It is not stated that she "craved very much," or that "her sufferings were intense.")

Christina Rossetti arrayed herself very little in the panoply of poetic phrases; she wrote as she spoke. And, indeed, when she was in the mood, she wrote nearly as easily as she spoke. Thus, on one day, she produced three of her best poems: "Uphill," "At Home," and "To-day and To-morrow," on the 29th June, 1858. And it is the distinguishing characteristic of her best poems that they open always with a line that is just a remark, not the "strong first line" of a song. She seems to utter a little sentence like, "I wonder if the sap is stirring yet," and the spring is presented. For the most part she kept to that conversational key. Her vocabulary was not that of the first man you might meet, because she lived among exceptional people, and thought of exceptional things. Indeed, her choice of words was rather limited, and, along with it, her choice of images. She used words like "rest" and "rain" over and over again, without troubling to find synonyms. Verses as similar as:—

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,
Shed over brow and breast,
Her face is towards the west,
The peaceful land,
She cannot see the grain
Ripen on hill and plain,
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

and

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
But dreaming thro' the twilight
That does not rise or set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget,

are moderately common to each of her small volumes. This implies of course, limitations, both of vocabulary and of temperament. It means, too, that every word that she used was her own; it means, perhaps, an overscrupulousness.

Scrupulous she was to a degree beyond that of common humanity. She suppressed her work for fear of repeating herself, she suppressed still more of it for fear it was too pagan or too sensual. And how much of herself she suppressed in that fear we cannot do more than guess. But it is obvious that a person who could write:—

Raise me a daïs of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes—

that a person who had in her at once that pagan strain, and that other scourge of delights, the ascetic fear of eternal penalties, cannot in this world have done other than crave for rest between these warring components of her being. She was in the Christian Commonwealth the very antithesis of that other poetess, the nun Hroswitha, who, in the days of Otho the Great, wrote Mediæval Latin comedies to deride the carnal spirit. Hroswitha showed to her fellow nuns the Roman

Governor, intent on overcoming the virtue of Christian maids, and going, muddled, into a cellar in mistake for their room, to embrace pots and amphoræ, and to be derided by the virgins. I am driven, indeed, to wonder whether Christina Rossetti were not better adapted for life in the other Communion. For her Southern nature the Northern cult was too stern, or was, perhaps, not adapted. Possibly in a convent with its petty detail of devotion, its spiritual direction which forbids too deep introspection, and enjoins a certain cheerfulness as a duty, she might have escaped many terrible moments, and have written verse with a wider range. It is possible that she would not, for the perils of the other system are great too—but the speculation is worth making. It is certain, at least, that a greater stability of mind, wherever she found it, would have been beneficial to her verse because she would have dealt less in suppressions. Suppressions, of course, are legitimate enough æsthetically, when they are made for æsthetic reasons. But it is a loss to both humanity and to art when they are made for reasons so personal—out of a fear for one's soul, that if it is not purely pagan, is at least in essence a survival of devil worship and of the dark ages of the soul.

But if Christina Rossetti suppressed, as far as she was able, whatever was sensual and joyous in the matter and in the temperament of her poems, her faculty for pure delight and for æsthetic enjoyment was expressed all the more strongly in her metre. For her verse is neither musical nor lyrical, it has not the unconscious quality of "lilt," or of the song that merely bubbles. It is rhythmical and even intricate; it is a faculty that, coming from very deep in the sources of enjoyment, moves us for deep and unexplained reasons just as the rhythms of music do. If it has not the quality of lilt it has not the defect; it is never mechanical with numbered syllables. A distinguished French critic has lately discovered that the distinguishing quality of English metre is its (musical rhythmical) rests, not its (metrical-stressed) accents. It is exciting as much on account of the accents it misses as of those it meets. If, for instance, you listen to a pulsing rhythm, which, in an orchestra, is emphasized by drum strokes, you will find that when the drum misses a beat or comes in on a half-beat, the rhythm is actually accentuated because your ear unconsciously supplies a sound. Christina Rossetti probably never knew of this fact, or of the theory that is founded upon it, but she wrote as if she knew them at a time when English verse, if it ever was governed, was governed by a hazy idea of Latin principles of prosody. A man, who as a child was brought up on Christina Rossetti's "Sing Song," tells me that the quality of the metre was one of the great delights of his ear. (And it should be remembered that children, like barbarians, and young peoples, take a most sensuous pleasure in rhythms of words. They are the real connoisseurs.)

Dead in the cold a song-singing thrush,
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush,
Weave him a coffin of rush,
Dig him a grave where the soft breezes
blow,
Raise him a tombstone of snow.

The sense of such a verse does not matter to a child. He will sing "London Bridge is broken down," without thinking of the meaning. But that verse was to the child profoundly affecting and delightful. It is so still. But I imagine that had it run:—

Dead in the cold (*here's a*) song-singing
thrush,
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush.

Weave him a coffin of (*straw and of*) rush,
Dig him a grave where the soft breezes blow,
Raise him a tombstone of (*soft-driven*) snow,

had, in fact, the metre been regularized with dactyls into the expected decasyllabic lines, he would simply not have listened to it.

In Christina Rossetti's verse, it is this quality of the unexpected, the avoidance of the *cliché* in metre, the fact that here and there you must beat time in a rest of the melody, that gives it its fascination and its music. And it is that, after all, that is the supreme quality of English metricists—the quality that, when it is used in a masterly way, sets them apart, and differentiates them from poets in other tongues. (I am not, of course, talking of the sonnet line which isn't an indigenous thing, or of the Alexandrine. But it applies to blank verse with its lines, when it is good, always linking together, and so overlapping that the ten or eleven-syllabled character is constantly eluded.)

She, as I have said, was unacquainted with these principles. Probably, too, she had never heard of Chromatics, or of Phonetic Syzygy. Yet when it was appropriate, her verse contrived to be quite sufficiently close in its assonances, its vowel effects, and its chromatic texture. Her skill in true rhymes was only equalled by her delicacy in using false ones—those delicious things that there are still miscreants hardhearted enough to reprehend.

She wrote, in fact, without any professional equipments—on the corners of washstands, as it were. Sometimes her verses came with ease—three masterpieces in a day; sometimes her difficulties with rhymes, metres, and ideas, were such that her little scraps of paper resembled palimpsests, lines in pencil and in pen crossing and recrossing as they used to do in old letters, as if she did not value her poems at the paper they cost. But practically her last and one of her best short poems, only shows four changes of ten words in all on the first pencilled draft. Her "manuscripts" will be found on the backs of used envelopes; in the little notebooks which she made herself out of scraps of notepaper poems alternate with accounts, with the addresses of charitable ladies, and with the dates of favorite preachers. It might have been better had she valued her talent more highly, or perhaps that would only have led her into over-elaboration and "writing poetic."

She wrote a great deal of verse that to one taste or another is comparatively poor, and many of Mr. Rossetti's inclusions she herself did not publish. But nearly all her poems are "authentic" in tone; they yield generally a touch of her flavor here and there, even if the general quality be thin. The very quantity will probably help her fame to stand in the long run. For the saying of Goethe's: "Who brings a lot of many kinds, brings something to many," holds good in verse as in merchandise; A. liking one stanza which B. despises, and laughing at another which B. loves. In this edition there are 458 double columned pages awaiting the selector and the anthologist. That, perhaps, is the function of collected editions. And there are Mr. Rossetti's helpful and restrained memoir, a bibliography and notes which, with their occasional quaintness of phrase and observation, prove him to have the humorous seriousness that so distinguished his sister.

It is seldom safe to prophesy how an artist will stand in the Future, and it is always dangerous to attempt to place him in relation to his great contemporaries. As far as Posterity is concerned, I have tried to indicate those technical qualities in her verse which

should—if technical qualities ever do make for delight—render Christina Rossetti's poems a source of pleasure for several generations to come. My personal pleasure in her work is so great that I will not approach the "placing." But she had one characteristic which should make her gain upon all her distinguished contemporaries—she held aloof from all the problems of her day. She was not greatly esteemed as a teacher in the nineteenth century, because she had not any lessons for that strenuous age. She did not evoke national enthusiasms, nor strive to redress the wrongs of martyred children; she was the poet neither of the Democracy nor of the County Family. She had not that boundless faith or love for her kind that makes writers become influences or social reformers; she did not help forward towards its unseen and mysterious goal the human destiny that follows blindly the calls of leaders, who cry from so many directions in the wilderness. This makes her less of a human figure, and less of a benefactress to her day and hour.

She was comparatively self-centred, but, inasmuch as the succeeding centuries will cease to be interested in the problems of yesterday, she escapes a danger if she missed some love. For the man, poet, or tailor, who identifies himself with the spirit of his time, is apt to take on the fashion of his age, and to become old-fashioned. This for either's survival is disaster, for it renders him uninteresting.

Christina Rossetti, with her introspection, studied her soul; with her talent she rendered it until she became the poet of the suffering—and suffering is a thing of all the ages. It is the defect of this quality that it only consoles by saying to others in misfortune: "I, too, suffer, I am a comrade." It teaches no one how to find new heart, it is not obstinate towards optimism. (It is hardly necessary to say that to call this temperament morbid is to be unreflecting. Morbidness is a dwelling on suffering for wantonness' sake; it is to find a joy in gloating on sorrows, and is a sensual pursuit like any other self-indulgence.) Christina Rossetti had great sorrows, and her work reflected her life. To have affected cheerfulness would have been harmful to the republic.

For the man who says: "There is no sorrow," harms the young, the weak, and the inexperienced, making their disillusionment when experience brings it the more bitter. After all, there is demanded of each poet after his kind, only the true image of himself as he mirrors life, only his individual truth. And if it is good that there should be poets to teach the eternal child, which is man, to greet the unseen with a cheer, it is good also to leave him not too open to the miseries of defeat, to let him know that others, too, have fallen and found life bitter. That child is happy in his master who has been taught to say, along with Psalms of Life:—

What are heavy? Sea sand and sorrow.
What are brief? To-day and to-morrow.
What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth.
What are deep? The ocean and truth.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

FORT DROUTHY.

Fort Drouthy sat on the plain and frowned—cause enough too! For behind, and on either hand, where smaller forts were dotted along the border-line till they were lost in the hazy distance, reigned law and order; while in front stretched the land and dwelt the Lords of Misrule—murderers, rascals, all of the latter in Drouthy's eyes, though in their own gentlemen of spirit and very heedful of their honors. And the fort, guardian of law and order, but only up to the border-line, misliked their methods and their manners, and resented them as any guardian should, who held within his gates fifty sabres and eighty bayonets—for that was the garrison—and yet was unable to smite the lawlessness of which he was compelled to be a daily witness.

Over against Drouthy stood the rocky sun-baked hills of the pass, usually also, but not always, meeting frown with frown; for at sunrise and sunset —more often the latter, their backs being then to the light—they could smile almost divinely. But the mud walls of the old fort, its loopholed curtains and hornworks and its embrasured bastions, could and can do nothing but frown. Like some huge modern line of battleship is Fort Drouthy, set in a smooth sage-green sea, guarding the narrow entrance to a harbor on a rock-girt mountainous coast. From a distance of one mile to four this likeness is at its best, the low free-board of the hornworks stretching fore and aft, the two stories surmounted by the tower being the lofty midships structure, the ancient mortars peering from the bastions are the guns *en barbette*, while the stumpy flagstaff and a wisp of smoke from the mess chimney on the top of the tower readily suggest at that distance the armored mast and the funnel and banked furnaces of a leviathan at anchor.

The likeness dies away on nearer approach; but once inside the gates it again asserts itself tenfold. For nowhere else that I know of, save on shipboard, would one find oneself so constantly climbing steep ladders and stumbling over such unexpected obstacles, such narrow alley-ways or oddly shaped quaintly windowed rooms. Gracing the entrance to the little anteroom stands a speaking-trumpet for easier communication with the distant parts of the ship, or at times for hailing the babu station-master at the forlorn little station out on the plain, to delay his daily train for a few minutes. Then, too, the wind can blow here as it can nowhere do but at sea. Confined through twenty miles of pass, it bursts on to the plain with marvellous vehemence, hurtles across the three miles of open, and the fort being the first obstacle in its way, it smites those old mud walls a woundy blow. Then Drouthy gives tongue on its yelling telegraph-wires, its whooping, shrilling loopholes, while everything on hinges bangs, tarpaulins are whipped off the guns, high overhead the flagstaff and halyards make almost as much to-do as the cordage of a full-rigged ship, and the air is full of flying gravel and grit painful to the countenance, and not to be passed unnoted in the soup.

The union-jack is always in tatters, and the filling in (in triplicate) and the despatch of requisitions headed "Stores, textile, flags, union, one," are quite two of the most arduous duties of the not over busy officer commanding this second-class fortalice. Disagree-

able as these gales are in winter, when they cut through you like a knife, and when the patient troop-horse stands knee-deep in mud, with his sodden blankets unshifted for days at a stretch, yet who shall find an adjective powerful enough to describe these same winds, when, heated seven times in the burning fiery furnace of the summer sun, they blow their searching, scorching blasts without pause day and night, night and day, for a whole week? Sleep there is not, but boxed up in a hermetically sealed and tiny room the crew of the good ship Drouthy get through the night as best they can, tippling tepid soda-water and trying to imagine that the thermantidote, which is badly out of order, is pumping cool and not hot air into the room. This and longing for the dawn. But the hot summer gales have blown me out of my course. So let me return once more to the marine aspects of this most unmaritime spot.

Any one who has stumbled the rounds on one of his Majesty's ships, and visited the guards at Fort Drouthy by night, will have found in the two duties much that is akin. Up this ladder, down that, bend here, creep there, mind your forehead, and now your shins, and so on. And when the last sentry on the western hornwork has reeled off his orders, ending up with, "To challenge any one approaching my post three times—once in English, once in Punjabi, and once in Pushtu; but to fire without challenging at any one who approaches like a jackal" (this last order is not on the board), one may be almost justified in being on the point of asking him what his orders are about the patent lifebuoy! For going a late round is sleepy work, and looking over the parapet on a dark night at the sea-like plain, stretching to the hills, one is once more at sea.

Drouthy not by name only, but by nature; for a well bored out of the solid rock, 300 feet deep, and containing a foot or two of bad water, is no way at all of satisfying the one hundred and thirty odd thirsts that continually do rage during five months of the year. Two yoke of oxen find just room to pace their leisurely hundred yards within the walls, and do thus draw up the dripping leather bag full of water once in every five or six minutes, morning and evening. Temperature on a June day at the well head, in the shade, anything over 100°; temperature of the water (fresh from its cool depths, as indicated by the hospital thermometer, just over 70°. Lucky microbes that dwell below! So the well water, which is only fit for ablutions, satisfies no thirsts. To supply the want, five miles off beyond the border line, is a precious spring, jealously guarded and carefully husbanded by the clan in whose territory it rises. For a monetary consideration, paid yearly, a supply of water comes from this twice weekly through a little open channel into the receiving tanks and filter-beds constructed within the fort. Yet this source dries up just when it is most wanted—that is to say, when the heat is greatest. Do not in the youthful innocence of your heart seek to obtain more water without the formalities of red tape, nor despatch a simple yet urgently worded letter to Moses at the rock telling him your plight. For this also is but vanity and vexation (vain on your part, vexatious to him), nor will you raise one drop till the usual form in triplicate (or is it—the matter being very pressing —quadruplicate?) has gone forth. Then, and not till then, will that official smite upon the rock, and a squadron of water-carts will come cruising out to Drouthy. Daily thenceforth will their clangor arouse you at screech of dawn, as they go forth to bring in the supply for the day.

In the two very small, very dark chambers that we call the mess, live

the officers of the Pass Rifles. Sometimes we sat down as many as three. The Rifles themselves are quartered in a fortified barrack without the fort. Serving in their ranks are representatives of every clan inhabiting that portion of the border, for the ordering of which, indeed, they themselves are enlisted. I take it that their fine corps is in many respects very much what our own Highland regiments were when they were first raised. Here neither merit nor seniority are the only roads to promotion, for the social status or personal prowess in clannish warfare of individuals are qualifications still counting for much amongst men enlisting from tribal communities continually at war one with another. Thus, young Mohammed Gul, younger of La-la-Garhi (or Red Castle,—no offence meant to the one in the Black Isle!), is given a direct commission, for he can bring in his train, and exercise some control over to boot, a score of stout blades, his sire's vassals. While Sher Khan, though a stripling barely out of his teens, having recently, in company with a couple of friends, scaled and taken by a *coup de main* his enemy's tower, and thereby proved himself to be a man of war, springs to the non-commissioned grade at once. Pleasant fellows are these Rifles, and whatever their faults may be—and I am aware that they own many—with the manners of gentlemen, and totally lacking in that somewhat oppressively respectful demeanor which is shown by, and indeed expected of, the regular sepoy towards the British officer.

To the status and better pay of the regular these irregulars are anxious to be raised, but they are wisely kept in that state in which it has pleased the Sirkar to have called them. Dwelling on the borders of their own country, strangers so far as any soldier may be to any form of spot and polish, and unequalled on their native scorching hillsides or in a freezing night ambush after stolen property; and lastly, but by no means least, enjoying the status which is accorded to them as being the only wearers in these parts of the king's uniform, by people whom his Majesty and his forebears have frequently had occasion to hammer. No "regular" gets so much leave as the rifleman of the Pass, though sometimes, indeed, it is easier for him to obtain than to avail himself of this indulgence. Take, for instance, the case of Naik Gud Mulli. He has two months' leave due to him, and he appears at durbar, which is daily held by his commanding officer, and at which all such matters are transacted. The leave is asked for and granted from a certain named date. The applicant salutes and gives place to the next.

Now Gud Mulli happens to have a blood-feud on. As he did the last killing, it is his turn now, and he has to be careful. Travelling as he has to do thirty miles to reach his tower, and limited as he is in that precipitous country to perhaps three possible routes, to start on a certain advertised date could for him scarcely spell anything short of death. Later in the day, then, he may be observed strolling unobtrusively across to his officer's quarters, where, making certain that his audience is a strictly private one, he mentions that, if there is no objection to it, he proposes starting on his leave on a Thursday instead of on the following Monday; and further, that his departure will be of an entirely private nature, not to say secret, and will occur in the very small hours of the morning. He may add with a faint smile that although it is generally supposed that he will be travelling by a certain route and over a certain pass, he is in reality going by quite another way, and over no pass at all; and that this may cause disappointment to certain persons who might not improbably

be expecting his advent by the supposed route.

Further explanation is unnecessary. The private departure is sanctioned. How such a one will spend his leave depends on circumstances. Possibly he may dwell in peace, plough his land, do a little hawking, and cultivate the domestic virtues,—in which, by the way, our Highlander is sadly deficient, for he has the credit all along the border of being ready any day to sell a wife for a rifle; and it is a pet grievance with him that when his ladies fly into British India to escape bad treatment, they are not forcibly returned to him. On the other hand, his relations with a neighboring tower may necessitate his remaining indoors during the whole of his leave, breathing his native air through a loophole, and committing to memory any range-marks visible through the same orifice that may be useful; or he may find wholesome employment in the excavation of covered ways, tunnels, epaulements, and the like, which will enable him or his women to reach water in safety, or any portions of his domain which may be exposed to fire. He is a Royal Engineer by heredity.

Though he invariably has a Koran in his house, and it is invariably the only thing he leaves behind him when obliged to quit by a punitive force,—in this he resembles the Boer and his *Bijbel*,—yet he will neither read it nor any other printed matter, for he is probably quite illiterate. Certainly an old native officer was once found seated in the door of his tower perusing a drill-book, which he held in one hand, while in the other he grasped a loaded revolver; and when asked what he was doing, he replied naïvely, "Spending my leave"! He was quite exceptional. No! any mental exercise that he may take will be in puzzling out how to rejoin his regiment with a whole skin and without over-staying his leave. And however he spends it, I have no doubt that he enjoys it just as much as you or I do ours; and if he thought about the matter at all, that he would wonder how we managed to spend our leave!

Does any one, regretful of the romance of the Scottish clans of yore, wish to see a very fair reproduction of the men, manners, and customs of those halcyon days? Let him abide at Drouthy for a month or two, talk to the men of the neighborhood, stand on Drouthy tower and look abroad. He will see things and hear things that will give him a vivid and a true picture of the period before the 'Forty-five. For here dwells the chief, and here, in his tower, are his vassals. Some are blood connections, while others offer him service in return for what protection he can afford them. Here may be heard the skirl of the pipes (though without the drone); here rule the same laws of hospitality, the same love of foraying, harrying, and cattle-lifting, one clan raiding another, or ravaging the richer lowlands. Here are esteemed hardiness, bravery, hillmanship, prowess in the chase, skill in the dance, and success in my lady's bower. Assuredly, also, no petty Highland chieftain of them all was more punctilious in matters affecting his honor, or had a finer disregard for mercantile pursuits. Here also men see fairies and wraiths; and here a certain prayerfulness characterizes the daily lives of men whose actions we should consider too often treacherous and bloody.

I know not whether the Highlanders of yore elevated their murders to the status of the vendetta. If so, you meet them here again, together with a somewhat quaint code of blood-feud laws to direct their protracted—I was almost saying tedious—workings. Two things are, however, sadly lacking to lengthen the parallel, for usquebaugh is not, and the rainfall might be heavier in these

barren hills with advantage. Living amongst gray rocks and not amongst the greens, crimsons, and yellows of North Britain, our clansmen of and about the Pass dress invariably in a stone-colored homespun, almost invisible amongst their surroundings, where the darker hues of the tartan would afford too conspicuous a mark. Yet distinctions there are between the outward appearance of the men of one clan and those of another, in some subtle arrangement of the hair or dress; for the M'Tavish, if he would be the first to shoot or stab, and the last to laugh, must, and can, distinguish at a glance his enemy of another clan. And since these marks are quite invisible to the stranger, we must complete the simile by accrediting these eastern Highlanders with the gift of second-sight.

Nor does one at all realize what the blood-feud means till one has lived cheek by jowl with people whose business or else whose recreation it is to carry it on. Not infrequently in the course of a stroll near the precincts of the fort, or while standing on its tower, which commands an extensive view of the neighboring estates and castles (all of the latter very much detached, and none at all desirable residences), the more pleasing aspect of a feud in full swing will be apparent both to your eyes and ears. A ragged volley and a puff of smoke (though, with the arsenal at Cabul turning out up-to-date rifles and smokeless powder, you will not always see smoke) will first draw your attention to the matter, and you will hasten to get the locality of both into the field of your glasses should you have them on you. A dozen or so gray figures couchant below the lip of a nullah or lying seemingly out in the open —seemingly only, for the Afridi never fights out of cover except in the service of his Majesty—will be all you find at first. The flash of steel, or, if your eyes happen to be right on it, a flutter of gray cloth, will presently mark the position of the other side. Then a little more firing and another phase commences,—no imaginary forces here and practically no fictitious limits in time or ground for the conduct of the operations, and no white-banded umpires to spoil people's tempers by putting them out of action! From the advantage of your position, maybe, you will observe a flanking or enfilading movement. Clearly now the objective of the attacking force is that little rising ground, the gaining of which undetected will give them the next move in the game. A few men are left to mask the movement, evidently with orders to blaze away undeterred by any consideration of expense or scarcity of ammunition: powder of sorts can be made, and, let alone other sources, a visit by night to the nearest rifle-range, only nine miles distant, can supply a certain quantity of lead.

But the defenders are not thus easily to be caught. In a scattered rush over what looks like very open ground, only no bullets kick up the dust there, they shift to a second position, and to your regret the conformation of the ground prevents further view of the combat. But these fights are almost as inconclusive as those fought with umpires and blank ammunition. Lack of the latter, whether blank or balled, will put an end to either: so will bad weather or darkness. And on the next suitable occasion the braves of either side will turn out to resume their play, with much noise, a good deal of smoke, and since people who like playing with edged tools must sometimes cut themselves, occasional bloodshed. Over this there is much lamentation on the one side and much elation on the other.

Still this, though one of the aspects of the blood-feud, can hardly be called murder by even correct you or me. There is another aspect—the inconvenient. Taking the air on the king's

highway near the fort, one may often see an old gentleman on a crutch. He was winged some years ago. Now the road, though it runs through the lands of several foreign potentates, is ruled to be British territory, and is therefore strictly "dead" ground. "None of your games on my road," says Fort Drouthy, —"fighting strictly prohibited": a death occurring on it is treated as a felony, and retribution, if quick enough to catch the murderer, follows. Hence such as dwell in towers near the road can, once they are out on it, walk abroad in safety. Still, to get there a dangerous zone may have to be crossed; and this is the case with the old gentleman on crutches, whose tower is adjacent, but between which and the road lies a distance of three hundred yards. With the range of every stone known to an inch, the odds are all against the target, however swiftly he may run, and with the cripple it would be a thousand to one chance and no takers. For though his tower is near the road, that of his enemy covers his line of approach thereto. So from the cripple's front door to the road has been dug a trench, along which he can crawl in safety while his garrison cover the sally-port of his enemy's tower, to prevent a sortie and the catching of the crawler at a great disadvantage. When it rains, which is not very often, the trench is a foot deep in water, and crawling along it must be very damp work. The cripple is pleased to show you over his defences, and exhibits with pride a home-made piece of ordnance of fearful aspect, throwing a solid ball, with which, if the stock was not nearly always out, he could render his neighbor's castle untenable.

The babu station-master at the little terminus, when playfully asked how long he expects to keep a whole skin, replies most sorrowfully, "Sir, I am not a fighting man. I know that this is work of too great danger—neighboring gentlemans very bloody." He confesses, however, to having obtained leave to spend his nights within the fort walls, and leaves his little station in charge of no less than eight watchmen. His wires for instructions when two rival chiefs, who have been in to transact business with the Commissioner in the cantonment, and are awaited by their respective bodyguards on the not over-roomy platform, are, I believe, on a par with that historical series of telegrams respecting a tiger jumping on a platform. For it is idle work waiting several hours for a train: not that the Drouthy trains do not run up to time, but because Asiatics have rather over-cultivated the virtue of being in good time for them and the opportunities for picking a quarrel are quite golden.

It is difficult to know quite where to draw the line between where the joke ends and deadly earnest begins, or to say whether those affairs are more business or pleasure. Probably a mixture of both. To a stranger like myself their method and conduct are best explained by looking on the actions of these people as one would on a community of rather vicious, very bloodthirsty children, grown too old for toy guns, idle enough to quarrel plenteously, yet childlike enough to cry loudly on being hurt. "Let's play at murders," say they, and they do so. "Now let's play at sieges or battles": they do so till tired of it. Yet this simile must not be pressed too far, for the essence of the vendetta is a continuity of purpose which has nothing childlike in it. Take the following. The actors might well have been children playing at sieges.

Within a few miles of the fort stands a village, though a better term might be invented to describe a group of towers, dwelling in proximity merely on account of water. The owner of one of

these was wanted at Drouthy on some local business, and a sepoy in plain clothes was sent to summon him. The messenger, however, found him besieged in his castle—"kila-band," as the term is. "You're wanted at Drouthy," shouts the sepoy. "Can't come," is the answer through a loophole. "Tell the Sahib I'm kila-band, and ask him to send a man in uniform with a safe-conduct, and orders to the enemy to raise the siege for an hour or two." Away goes the messenger; a man in uniform is sent, the siege is raised without any trouble, and the beleaguered party under the safe-conduct—a sort of "tabu" of these parts—is taken to Fort Drouthy. In due time he is returned to his tower, safely installed therein, and the investment recommences.

At night a blazing rick or two testifies to the fact that the M'Tavish is raiding his great-great-grandfather's enemy's great-great-grandson, and destroying the miserable harvest that has just been gathered. Ricks make a grand blaze, and the opportunity for playing with fire is, of course, not to be missed. Besides, does not honor demand it? The other fellow retaliates by next night ingeniously damming a water cut and flooding the M'Tavish's ripe yet unreaped barley-field. And all under Drouthy's very nose! Indeed these acts are perpetrated by the men in his own employ, but only—very much only—when they are on leave and out of uniform. While serving with the corps they are perfect patterns of propriety, and all these barbarisms are dropped. A front-rank man with his deadliest enemy immediately behind him is as safe as any man can be. Mistakes and grievous accidents may happen, and that is how Yakub Khan had the misfortune to come by his death. He was one of the guard holding a small post, a chain of which extend all the way up the pass. They fell to arguing as to whether a sniper on a rock on the mountain-side that rose steeply in front of them could pepper them if they were sitting as they were then doing in the door of their little round tower. Sher Khan said, "I'm not going to argue. I merely tell you, Yakub, that he could." "The best Peshawur *loongi* to an old pair of grass-shoes he couldn't," replied Yakub. "Will you sit just where you are while I prove you are wrong?" said Sher Khan. "See if I don't," replied Yakub. "Right," answered Sher Khan, and taking his Snider rifle and one round, away he doubled, shinned up the hillside, reached the rock, lay down, slipped in his cartridge, adjusted his sights, drew a careful bead at his pal, and the latter being hit fairly through the head, has never misjudged a distance since.

These acts, especially the sham fights with ball-cartridge, are the less unpleasing aspects of the blood-feuds. Not that Yakub Khan was a victim to anything but a slight miscalculation of distance. The stabbings, the individual shootings, the lying-in-wait for, are the other and much more forbidding side to the picture. Perpetrated in lonely places, under cover of darkness, they are not so much in evidence; but still there they are, and any one with a taste for cold-blooded murder stories, told in a simple, naïve, childlike manner by pleasant-spoken murderers quite at large, may hear a few from the men at Drouthy. The following is a very fair specimen.

A raiding party went out to raid. On returning they were hospitably entertained at the tower of one Mukdum, the chief of a village which was at peace with their own. Mukdum had two sons absent with others of their kin on another raid. The first party having eaten, drunk, and rested, continued their journey; but before they had passed out of their host's territory they sighted the second raiding party "travelling noisily, like fools, with much

cattle, taking no heed." The opportunity of securing twenty rifles was too good a one to be missed. Number one party disappeared into the rocks, and shortly afterwards the other party walked into a circle of rifle-barrels, and, like wise men, held up their hands when ordered to do so. They were relieved of their arms, and probably thought themselves lucky in escaping with whole skins. The first party then made haste to gain their own coasts before their victims should have time to raise the "chigha" or gathering-call, and start in pursuit. Mukdum, who would probably have rather lost his two sons than their rifles, was furious at the treachery and ingratitude displayed by the men who had so recently eaten of his salt, and equally enraged with his own people for having been the victims of the trap. Pending counter-measures, he swore by the Book that he would get back two rifles or claim a bloody substitute—two rifles, or two lives, or both. To deprive a trans-frontier Pathan of his rifle is not much worse than to take his life, for the possession of the former ensures the continuity of the latter. Hence the astoundingly high prices that these moneyless folk will give for a rifle—many times its original value; and hence that most enterprising, most crafty, and most pestilent class of person, the rifle-thief, who murders sentries, conjures rifles from the arm-racks in crowded barrack-rooms, guard-rooms, or tents, and pursues his avocation with that amazing combination of fearlessness and legerdemain which, if it costs him his life occasionally, yet more often pays him right royally. So Mukdum, taking his one remaining rifle and his two sons, set forth on vengeance intent, carrying a little flour in a goat-skin, and what water they could.

On the third night, having travelled always after dark, they were on the scene of operations,—a collection of towers, where dwelt the men who had taken the rifles. There was yet an hour or two before dawn to examine the *locale;* and to eyes accustomed from childhood to operations by night, this was not so difficult as it would be to honest men. The best place to lie in wait for game, whether human or not, is water. But the proximity of the towers to the village dam and the loud long-drawn cries of the watchmen, "Be careful! be careful!" showed that though it might be possible to lurk here by night, yet to do so in daylight would be madness. A hasty cast round the place brought them on to a well-beaten track, passing down the steep hillside above the village, commanding a good view of any one approaching, and possessing on either side just enough cover to enable a man to lie there unobserved, provided that he remained perfectly motionless. The hillside faced south, and the heat there during the thirteen-hour-long summer day would be terrific. But this was undoubtedly the place, and the Mukdum trio went to earth just as the Mullah on one of the towers below them began his dreary call to prayer. That meant the dawn.

Light came, and with it the village flocks and herds, escorted by the whistling herd-boys, came up the path to seek pasturage on the ground above them. Soon every hill-top had lynx-eyes on it, and the three had to lie as still as hill-partridge amongst the rocks, for the smallest movement would have been detected. This almost intolerable roasting at length came to an end as the sun went over the hill, and the cattle were driven back for the night. Groups of men had passed close by the watchers during the day, but this was not what was wanted. When darkness at length fell, the ambuscade rose and stretched its aching limbs. They were in a bad plight. The youngest Mukdum had succumbed to the fearful heat, and was off his head and scarce able

to stand. His elder brother was not in much better case. I give Mukdum's story in his own words:—

"I gave them what little water there was left, bade them eat bread, and when they had regained their strength, I sent them back, for another day would have killed them, and they were useless to me in their present state. I was thus left alone, and, it having been impossible to pray at the hour of sunset, I now did so very fervently. Then when all was quiet I crept down to the village to see if my prayer would be answered. But I left my rifle safely hidden, meaning to do what I wanted with this long knife. I went first to the water and drank my fill. Then I crawled through the village, visiting and listening at each tower; but all I saw was a young fool making love to a girl. As men don't go armed to such affairs, I let him be. Fate was not kind; by dawn I was back in my place; and laid my head on the north side of a rock, so as to have a little shade. By sundown I was wellnigh insensible, but again I prayed for strength, and after dark managed to crawl down to the water. Here I lay almost spent, but having drunk I was able to eat a little bread. As I lay by the water I heard a man singing. Now this too was the act of a fool whose fate had been written.

"The singer drew near me, and now against the sky-line, as he topped the bank on that side of the dam, I could see him, with what might be a rifle over his shoulder. No one was with him. Fate, which gave him a joyful heart, thus warned me of his coming,—for had he done so quietly he might have heard me eating or taken me unawares,—and now directed his steps round the edge of the water, till he was on my bank. I lay quiet, knowing he could not see me, and hoping that he might not step on me, and would pass by and have his back to me. But he did better. When two yards off—it was very dark—he stopped, and I knew he was about to unload. I wondered whether I should hear the sound of the block of a Snider falling back, or the click of the Henry-Martini breech being jerked open, or the gentle drawing back of a Lee-Metford bolt. It was a Lee-Metford. He took out the cartridge, and then coming two steps nearer he lay down, placing his rifle on the ground, and lying between me and it. Then keeping one hand on the rifle, and turning rather from me in order to do so, he stooped to drink. He was thirsty, and as no man is in worse position to defend himself than when lying to drink, I let him do so for two breaths, and made ready. At the third suck I placed my left hand on his head, pushing his face deeper into the water, and with my right hand I thrust my knife between his shoulders. It was a true blow, and he never moved, lying with his face in the water, which bubbled a little, and then all was still. At first I thought of pushing him into the tank; but since it is written that to pollute even an enemy's water is infamous, I drew him out, and as he was a believer, I crossed his hands on his breast and so left him, taking his rifle and rounds, and returning to my place by a different way. The women who came out to draw water early next morning found that rash one who had drunk so incautiously. I could see and hear them as they called to other women; and presently, after much talk, men came. Later there was great wailing, and at sundown I saw him carried forth to burial.

"It was cooler that day, the sun being covered with clouds, for which I thanked God as I lay. After sunset, but before dark, a party of men, armed and carrying food, came up out of the village along the path near which I was hiding. Where they were bound for I do not know,

but when they were opposite me a gray-beard, looking back, said, 'Where is that lingerer Baz Khan? Has he not come yet?' A young man with the party turned and shouted back, 'Oh, Baz Khan! Come quickly and follow us by the upper path.' Then they passed on out of sight. Presently the lingerer came running. He carried a rifle and a skin full of flour. To have shot him would have attracted the attention of the men who had just passed on, and probably of others yet in the village; nor is a running man facing towards you and armed with a rifle an occasion for stabbing. As I was pondering how I might slay him an old woman came out of one of the houses and called to him that he had forgotten the parcel of dried dates for his father, adding, 'Oh, thoughtless boy! how far will those grass-shoes on your feet last you? You have left the bundle of *mazri* to make new ones lying in the byre!' Fate granted that he was an obedient son, or that he feared his father's wrath in the matter of the dates, for he turned back unwillingly enough, and ran down the hill. Well, his blood be on his mother's head, for it was she that kept him till it was dark, and his companions had passed out of ear-shot. When he came breathless up the hill again I was ready. A man breathing hard and hasting forward is deaf and blind to that which is behind him. I dealt with the lad as I had dealt with that other. He was very young, and his face as smooth as a girl's. Then, since there was no hurry, for his mother thought he was with his father, and his father thought he was following him, I renewed my strength on the dates and the bread, newly baked by his mother.

Then binding two of the rifles with *mazri* rope and slinging them on my back, I took my own in my hand, and started homewards by a different and longer road, lest the armed party I had seen go forth, suspecting that the killing of the man over-night was an act of vengeance for the taking of our rifles, might be awaiting their chance on the more direct road. I reached my tower in safety on the morning of the fifth day."

I take it that the foregoing story shows an average kind of beginning to the blood-feud. But even these quarrelsome folk grow weary of it sometimes. To be shut up in a tower for perhaps as long as two years, never to reap or sow, and to be dependent on your kinsmen for all the necessities of life, must pall after a time. And there is a way of ending a feud, or a certain class of feud, when both parties are willing to do it. Word reaches the nearest political officer, no matter how, that two individuals, long at war, are anxious to patch up a truce. The Political summons both parties on a safe-conduct. They arrive, with followers, to all appearances more implacably bloodthirsty than ever. One of the parties, if not both, know well why they have been summoned; but on the reason being told them, a blank amazement is evinced, that any one could possibly have been so misinformed as to suppose that they could have had enough of such an heirloom of a quarrel. "Speaking for myself," says one, casting a withering glance at the other, "my honor can be satisfied with nothing less than this man's blood, though of course should he——" But here the other party, assuming his most truculent air, hastens to assure every one that he is equally irreconcilable. "Certainly," he replies to the Political, "I have not ploughed these two seasons; but what of that! My tower is well supplied, and will not my kinsmen, for their own honor, furnish me with anything that may be lacking," and so on.

But where there's a will there's a way; and, *a fortiori*, where there are two wills, a tactful and knowledgable

officer to direct two pairs of willing sandalled feet into it, that way, after the scruples of honor have been laid to rest, is not very hard to come at. Terms having been arranged, a cairn is erected and peace proclaimed,—the erection and demolition of a cairn being the Pushtu for making and ending peace.

A mention of singing-birds may appear hardly in place amongst these turbulent pages. Yet the larks of Drouthy are its very special and only pleasing feature. In that land of unrest, where everything suggested the very antithesis of larkdom, they certainly seemed quaintly misplaced. Yet here they were,—not such lofty soarers nor so full-voiced as those to be heard in our own spring skies, yet vocal withal, and seeming to extract from their stony surroundings as joyous an anthem as if they had nested in green fields and under a tender English sky. Moreover, the Drouthy lark sings not by day only,—as any one who has tossed through the long hours on a burning bed, high up on the ramparts, should very gratefully recollect, for the silence of the sleepless hot weather night is often broken by first one and then another of these little birds, trilling the most joyous of songs, lasting perhaps but a minute or two, and then dying out as one after another they sink again to rest on the parched and stony plain.

Cause to recollect, say I, for instead of cursing God, and wearily turning the other cheek to the burning pillow, you cannot help but translate these outbursts of melody into wordless thanksgivings to the Creator; and you, following, let us hope, so excellent an example, bless instead of curse, and patiently await the first cool puff from some far-off snowy peak, that ends wakefulness and heralds the advent of the dawn.

Silent, gloomy, old tower! Well may you frown! Yet who knows? Only four years ago 10,000 men lay about you. Your not too spacious quarters contained a whole general and his staff, and the pass was full of your armed men. War was in the air: were not the very sandbags on your parapet nightly peppered by snipers! All these passed, like many and many another host before them, leaving only their dead. Beginning with Hari Singh, hammer of the Scots of these parts, who fell fighting in the pass, and whose white shrine set in the eastern wall, inscribed with his name and fate, may be seen from afar, and ending with the dreary little enclosure where shrunken wooden crosses tell of Trooper Jones "killed on patrol," or of Private Brown "died of enteric"—quite a few years ago. All manner of warfare has Drouthy seen, from the stern methods of the Khalsa, who burnt what they did not slay or could not eat, to those of less than a decade since, when tribal representatives flocked in to discuss terms, to protest against conditions, and to eat abundantly of the fat-tailed sheep provided by the victor, and eke to play a little football with Thomas Atkins! Now comes the hurrying globe-trotter, to do the pass and be back for breakfast. While he changes horses or picks up his escort, he may ask what is that circular track cleared of stones, and still littered. "Why, that was the race-course, made while the Division lay here." "And those crumbling mounds?" "They were the grand stands, though they could never accommodate half the crowds that came from camp and city to attend the weekly Drouthy meetings." These few boulders mark the stone wall—the general wanted it stiff—and the "post and rails" was just opposite here. "Yes, it was all made by fatigue parties, to keep the men hard when the Division lay here."

"Ah," says the globe-trotter, too much in a hurry to realize quite what it means, "it looks a bit forlorn now, doesn't it?"

But Fort Drouthy, old in wisdom, has

seen too much bloody traffic pass his gates to believe for one moment that he is left for good, or that the tide of war has ebbed never to flow again. What has been will be. But what the next affair will be,—punitive, avenging, aggressive—Drouthy knows them all,—that is the cause, with other matters afore-mentioned, of the permanent frown.

X.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A KNIGHT OF THE SANGREAL.

"Samson placed this cross for his soul," runs the legend on one of the old carved stones at Llantwit Major which have the virtue, like the stone the damsel gave Peredur, of making the invisible visible. Their power comes of the names they bear, and of one in particular, more wonder-working still than that of St. Samson of Dôl, the name of a knight, "Iltuti," carved above a panel of interminably woven Celtic ornament. Iltutus or Illtyd is the patron saint of the church; but he is much more than that, for I believe we have in him the type and prime of those shining men that grew in mediæval fantasy into the questioning knights of the Holy Grail.

As one deciphers the letters on the stone shaft, and turns to look round the empty church with its air of some mediæval sculptor's workshop long dismantled, and recalls his story, Illtyd seems to rise from the oppressive multitude of the Welsh saints and show himself in his natural colors. He starts to life, a Breton knight, young, ardent, hot from the chase, and dressed in a semi-barbaric dress, part Roman, part British: just as he was on the day when he gave up his hunter's quarry to follow a great mystery. That was at Llancarvan, and to understand this primitive Knight's Tale you must range further than Llantwit, and explore some of those miniature valleys, or shallow cwms, which are so like the hermit's retreats—the hollow with the cell or "cuddigl meudwy" of the Welsh Arthurian tales; and you must certainly visit that of the Carvan where the princely hermit, Cadoc the Wise, met his young kinsman at an ominous hour. The cwm at Llantwit itself, where the churches stand by the brook Hodnant, is one of the same kind; but to-day it reminds one too strongly of the mediæval people who used Illtyd's cross as a centre round which to build to let one easily translate the scene back again to its wildness. Five or six years ago, Illtyd's stone stood out in the churchyard, and then its power over the past was more certain. You could stand before it then, just as its sculptor Samuel did, when he saw it set up, and found it, I dare say, very good to look on, with its wheel-top—now unluckily lost—superbly crowning it. You could look away from it into the trees, the actual descendants of those he and Illtyd knew, or hear the brook babbling precisely the same busy mysterious babble to the sea below Colhugh. Or, turning away from it some autumn evening, you could hear a hoof strike on the St. Donat's road, and believe it indeed a knight that came riding down the bank: a wilder knight than that told of in the French romances, with skins of animals and feathers of birds wrought into his dress below his Roman breastplate and his torque; with a deer-skin belt, the reddish hair still on it, to carry his knife; and a great hurling spear to eke out his sword and the ringed and bossy targe at his saddle.

Arriving in Llantwit to-day, you get

there by the newest of railway lines; but once arrived you pass, descending gradually, through a village that used to be a Tudor town; and street by street you knit up antiquity as you go, till you reach the church-cwm where hide—oldest things of all—the crosses of Illtyd and Howel. On the way you pass small buildings of almost every age; old thatched cottages of the true Glamorgan style, with yellow-washed walls, old inns like the "Swan," or a diminutive Tudor town hall, with an outer stair under the pent-roof and belfry where hangs Illtyd's bell. Then comes the market-square, really a squandered triangle, and more inns and more cottages, white and yellow, and a long-deserted one-story building, with a sad little Henry the Eighth window, boarded up and mysterious, out of which the last monk might have hurriedly looked on the eve of the great disruption. This points the way to the dip in the road and the deeper hollow under it, populous with graves and brown stone and broken walls. There what might be three churches set end to end stand stretched in a diminishing line, with a good Norman tower keeping guard.

Now the relation in time of these mediæval remains to the old stone shaft of Illtyd, which stands in the middle church, is very much the relation which the mediæval stories, written by men of the same temper with the builders, bear to Illtyd's real story. Stripped of its pious adornments in the *Vita Sancti Iltuti*, it becomes one of the most moving of what may be called the "renunciation episodes" to be found in all the Arthurian cycle, early or late.

Illtyd Farchog, Illtyd the Knight, came of noble Breton stock. His father, says the monkish chronicler, was a soldier most famous, and found his way presently across from Brittany to Arthur's court. In that day the people of Siluria and Amorica were drawn closer together than they are now. Fostering winds and favoring sea-currents apparently made their intercourse habitual. When wars gave out, or tribal feuds grew too deadly, or the wolf-hunting was over in the deep forest beyond Carhaix, the Breton chief thought nothing of crossing to some ancient port like Porthkerry, on the wild Glamorgan coast, having some claim or tie of kindred to help him to his welcome in the Welsh regions of a hospitable King Arthur or King Saul. In that way Illtyd came, and we can gather from his "Life" and its ornate embroideries and references to his learning and eloquence, "his exquisite eloquence, his incomparable intelligence," that he must have been a very welcome guest in any tribal hall. And so he settled in the wild train of this post-Roman regulus, Saul, and being no make-believe knight, but one "whose blade would kill, whose blue armor gleam," as a Welsh poet said of a much later chief, he looked to attain in his turn. Add to this—for it is a most significant point in his story—Illtyd had married a young and a beautiful maiden, Trynihid.

One day it fell that he went riding out to hunt with the train of his adoptive chief Saul (or Paul); and Saul when his men grew hungry sent them off incontinent to demand food and drink from Cadoc at his harborage in the Carvan cwm hard by. Cadoc was no ordinary hermit, but of rank at least equal to Saul's, a chief in his own right, who had carried an aroma of riches with him into poverty. Therein lay part of the gratification felt by his fellow chief, in this summary levy upon his goods. It would be a pleasant hunting diversion to see how Cadoc, in his eccentric humility, would apply his new law as expressed in his Triad, —Love, Liberality, Forgiveness. Alas for Saul and his men! Cadoc had not forgotten half his pride. Bread and beer he seems to have given freely, but

when they seized willy-nilly on a fat sow, he rebelled. While they ate, drank, and got merry, he took a horrible revenge on their horses. Then he invoked Heaven, and he pointed their way across one of the Carvan swamps. Their insolence, says the old book, was immediately punished by the wrath of Heaven, and the earth opened and swallowed them. Cheerful souls! they were seen no more. Some of the field and farm names above Llancarvan still show, it is said, where the swamp lurked which swallowed Iltyd's hunting train. He is pictured riding on the higher grounds, hawk on wrist, at the time of this terrible hermit's revenge; and when one thinks of the absolute fellow-feeling that every good hunter has for his men, his sensations may be imagined. And yet again, Cadoc, whose cote and hermitage they had raided, was Iltyd's kinsman. What did Cadoc say to Iltyd?

We know from the "Morte d'Arthur" and the many strange colloquies over mortal sin and knightly revenge there described between the typical hermit and the Sir Bors or Sir Launcelot that came his way, how bold and ominous, how beseeching too, the hermits could be. Cadoc was the very pattern of these hermit-priests. "For there were none hermits in those days but that they had been men of worship and of prowess, and those hermits held great household."[1] This was the heaven-sent abnegent and ascetic for Iltyd: Cadoc the proud and humble, the wise and fierce, the half-tamed chief, who could still speak of the passions he had renounced, because he felt them still burning in him; Cadoc, who, like Llyr's son, cut off the lips of his enemies' horses, and, knowing the old barbaric delight of revenge, could say with the more fervor to a knightly disciple:

"Love? It is Heaven."

"And Hate?"

"Hate? It is Hell."

It was Cadoc who told Arawn to shut his eyes to every hideous thing, and open heart and soul to loveliness, and open both hands to poverty. What did he tell Iltyd? Of the terrors that Gildas told? Or the bright sudden light that should shine, as Gildas said, across "the black dark of offences"? Whatever his spell, Iltyd fell under it? Perhaps the vision of a mysterious Christ, and the Cup of the True Blood, came upon him as it did on Sir Bors when Sir Lionel lay slain; and he might cry when he thought of the lost huntsmen: "Sith the company of you and me is parted, shall I never have joy in my heart. And now He which I have taken unto my Master, He be my help!"

Only, Sir Bors had already taken the Quest of the Grail upon him, while Sir Iltyd's knightly renunciation began with this climacteric scene at Llancarvan. His hunting and hawking, his military knight's ambition, his adventurous delight and zest of life: he gave them all up, obsessed by Cadoc's strange example. He must ride far away from the friendly region of Glamorgan, that he knew; and find a wild place of his own to retreat to. Simple knight, he thought he might take his beautiful Trynihid with him; and they retreated into the ancient Forest of Dean, across the Severn water.

The episode that follows is one of the most telling in his story, if taken for its air and aspect of romance. The waste place, with "neither hold nor hermitage," the forest of gloom, and the hut of branches, that appear and reappear in the Arthurian cycle, were his. And Trynihid, we look to see her enter just as the damsel did in the pages of *Perceval le Gallois*—"enter within the door, and her kirtle all torn with thorns and briars in the forest. . . . Her feet were all bleeding for that she was unshod. She had a face of exceeding

[1] "Morte d' Arthur," book 18, chapter xiii.

great beauty. . . ." But the pious chronicler who wrote not with Illtyd's eyes, but with a mediæval celibate's imagination, goes further than this in the *Vita Iltuti*, and pictures her leaving Illtyd's forest couch on the fateful morning of his final abnegation, all unclad, "her hair spread about her by the blowing of the wind." He had been warned during the night that her beauty would only be a snare; and there follows a most heartrending scene of poor Trynihid, clothed only by her flowing hair, shivering in the cold and begging in the innocence of her heart to be taken back; and Illtyd, in a sort of terror of austerity, handing her her garments, and driving her away from him for ever. One hears the very echo of her loss as one reads in the "noble tale of the Sangreal" of the "such sorrow and heaviness that there might no tongue tell it."

"For those knights had holden them in honor and charity. . . . And many of those ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing, and he spake on high and said: 'Fair Lords which have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth you Nacien the hermit word, that none in this quest lead lady or gentlewoman with him, for it is not to do in so high a service as they labor in, for I warn you plain, he that is not cleansed of his sins, he shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Like them, Trynihid must accept her lot. Indeed, she went further than many of them, for, like Sir Perceval's sister, she took the vows when Illtyd did not return to her, and ensconced herself in the hills above the vale of Glamorgan in a retreat of her own.

But when the autumn rains came and the floods, the thought of him in his low-lying hollow, where he had established his cell by the brook Hodnant, was too much for her. She found her way there and came upon him working at a mud dyke to keep out the water, covered with mud, his hands torn and bleeding.

"Illtyd!" she cried.

But the consuming fury of renunciation was upon him. "He would not see her," says the Latin chronicler, "nor be seen; nor hear her, nor be heard." She saw his mean dress, saw him clothed with hair-shirt and skins, and not as she had seen him before, a splendid soldier" (*militem speciosum*). Heaven, we are told, then blinded her for this pitiful appeal to the earthly affections; and when Illtyd—and one is very grateful for this touch of pity on his side—interceded, and the blindness was as quickly taken from her, she went away from her lost knight for ever, went away "pale, like one recovered from a fever."

But it is a hard fever, that of the affections and desire of the eyes. Illtyd could no longer covet his own wife; but at a much later period in his tale, when he had seen his college and hedge-school of divinity and philosophy at Llantwit grow in its wattled huts into a proverb for its learning and piety, and when he had attained his Quest as Cadoc showed it, we find him still able to covet a Bell. Afterwards, these first bells of the Celtic Church became almost as miraculous as the mystic gleam of sunset seen through the trees in some waste place, or in some old fort or castle, and as the cup and platter of the Sacrament. But as we read again the story of Illtyd's Bell, in his life, we see only the simple old anchorite driven away from his happy valley and wattled huts that served for college halls:—cut off from his austere pleasure, reduced to a cave, and dearly coveting, childlike, the bell sent by Gildas and intended for another, for St. David indeed. He did not ask for it in so many words; but his longing for it

was so extreme, that the bell seems to have sulked out of sympathy for him when it reached St. David, and refused to sound. David, thereupon, with the *naïveté* of the saint, realizing that a soundless bell was of no account, gracefully returned it to him; when it sang as sweet as ever.

If anything was wanted to complete the fine threads of association that draw together the lives of the Welsh saints and certain Arthurian knights, it is to be discerned in this incident of the bell. In the Grail histories you may read passages identical with those in the saints' legends. King Arthur himself in one is discovered longing for a bell, and haunted by the sweetness of the first he heard, just as Iltyd was. In the same romance of Perceval we see a train of hermits issuing from their llan, or monastic close, and coming to King Arthur in the Castle of Souls; and one of the train carrying a bell "with the clapper and all at his neck."

"Ha Lord!" saith King Arthur: "what folk be these?"

"Sir," saith Perceval, "I know them all save the last. They are the hermits of the forest-side, come to chant before the Holy Grail."

In such a train as this an Iltyd, whose bell became so fabulous that its direct descendant hangs in the old Town Hall belfry at Llantwit, might well be bell-bearer. The Town Hall bell still sounds the hours with a tone peculiarly arresting to the ear in the midst of Llantwit Major; and it is impossible to move about in the streets, which probably maintain the very lines of the original pathways trodden by Iltyd and his fellows—so traditional are ways and men—without being reminded at every turn of him whose name is inscribed upon it:

SANCTE ILTUTE ORA PRO NOBIS.

St. David's not excepted, I know of no village or town that has quite as individual an air of antiquity under antiquity as Llantwit Major still wears. You cannot turn anywhere but some secretive angle of a wall, or half-obliterated foundation, or garden returned to nature and wildness, offers you the clue that you would give your whole bookshelf of antiquity to be able to take. However, it is still your romance-books that must help you to disinter this Pompeii of the saints and the original knights errant. Their distinctive scenery, their interest of place, their succession of hermit cwm, forest waste, and miraculous seaside bringing strange vessels to land, recur at every step through the confines of the ancient demesne of Iltyd. If you leave the point in the graveyard, near the old cross, where his wheel-cross stood, and climb the bank above the Hodnant to the old gatehouse and the columbarium, you cross a sloping meadow which is full of buried traces of the grange and outer walls and buildings of his mediæval successors. You can cross it and find the traditional road through Colhugh to the sea, where the brook flows out through the smooth pastures haunted by sea-mews and often fondly described by our old poets and romancers; and the sea-coast, wild and rarely rock-built, and pierced with innumerable caverns, is the very seaside of the Grail histories:

"Sir," said the hermit that carried the bell, when Sir Gawain asked him where he got it, ". . . . I rose one night at matins and looked under my hermitage, and saw that a ship had taken haven there. Thither I went when the sea was retreated, and found within the ship three priests and their clerks, that told me their names . . ." Now these three priests from the Land of Promise bring three bells with them, because there were none in the hermit's country; and

bell and chalice, and ship and hermit and hermit's tale, are all a part of the legendary furniture of Illtyd's neighborhood. And when you think, retracing its road to and from the sea, of the process of tradition into literature, and the assimilation of folk-tale and saintly legend by mediæval romance, you see how natural it was that this Breton knight who became a hermit should survive, under whatever disguises. For his early university at Llantwit was the resort of many Breton students who went back to Brittany like St. Samson of Dôl and St. Padarn, and Gildas himself, carrying with them the materials which were afterwards worked into the legendary lives and the substructure of romance. So the tale of Illtyd and Trynihid, and other tales of other knights who roamed the waste lands of Siluria and old South Wales in the post-Roman time, and were converted, and had a desperate struggle with the old tribal custom of the country, were perpetuated, but changed. The early magic of association which worked upon the Breton memories of the wild land of Morganwg still held, the scenes and the characteristic episodes, the characters themselves too, remained. Yet one stage more, and a new apparatus of allusions, and place-names, and names of knights and ladies, Normanized to taste, had been added to suit the mediæval courtly folk. But if you look within the mediæval churches, you find Illtyd's stone, and can with its aid and interlaced pattern discern the wattled huts and small chapel of sawn timber that served him and his studious company. And if you look behind the histories of the Sangreal, you find a scenery very like that of the Llantwit region, whose wildness not a thousand years of agriculture have quite destroyed; you find a disappearing figure of a knight very like that of "Illtyd Farchog."

Ernest Rhys.

Nineteenth Century and After

ANIMAL STOWAWAYS.

One of the oddest cases which have come before the Courts since the passing of the Employers' Liability Act was recently decided against a colliery company. The parents of a boy employed in the workings complained that he had been so terrified by an animal in the dark galleries of the mine that he had been unconscious for some time, and had been suffering in health ever since. The creature, which was described as having enormous yellow eyes, had rushed past him in the dark, and caused the shock from which he was suffering. The company pleaded that it was only a cat; but there was probably something to be said for the boy's point of view, for the eyes of some animals have the property of concentrating and reflecting light from a candle or lantern, until, for example, the eyes of a cow across which the gleam of a searchlight comes appear at a distance of a hundred yards like two green lamps on a train.

Another question is how a cat came to be in a coal mine some thousand feet deep. The answer is that there nearly always are both cats, rats, and mice in coal mines, and that these almost invariably find their way down as "stowaways." With the exception of the pit ponies, all the fauna of a coal mine descend the shafts in this illicit manner. They include various flies and moths, beetles, weevils, mice, rats,

and cats, each and every one of which has descended in the "cages" which take down the men, or in the "corves" which take coal up, and sometimes carry stores. The insects find their way to the bottom hidden partly in the ponies' corn and hay, and partly in the wood used for supporting the galleries. The hot atmosphere of the mine is the very place for hatching out or bringing to perfection the eggs and larvae of the wood-boring flies and beetles. The case in which a portion of the workings of a colliery were abandoned for a time because the men were afraid of the "mosquitoes" in them has been referred to previously in the *Spectator;* but the species which the men call mosquitoes has subsequently transpired. They were "tipula" flies, of the very largest size, *Tipula gigas* by name. These are yellow, broad-winged insects, larger than a hornet, with a long sharp ovipositor, or egg-laying spike, which gives the impression of being a formidable sting. Other kinds of ichneumon flies, not so large, but very unpleasant to look upon, also haunt collieries. In both cases the larvae are carried down in the timber. The mice and rats go into the pit in the bundles of straw and oats which are taken to cut up and mix with the ponies' food. They find plenty to eat, both waste corn and fragments from the men's meals brought into the mine. An underground population of fifty or sixty ponies and a thousand colliers leaves an ample margin for mice and rats. The colliery cats are sometimes the descendants of pet kittens taken down by pit boys, and sometimes of cats brought underground on purpose to keep down the mice. But the curiosity of cats is insatiable, especially where anything like a big hole in the ground attracts them. A cat well known in the buildings on the surface will sometimes appear in the workings below, the explanation given being that it has jumped into the cage when the men were entering, and descended with them.

Several species of ichneumon flies arrive in this country as "stowaways" of a peculiarly unpleasant kind. They come over hidden as grubs in the bodies of living insects. Many species of foreign butterflies and moths, especially the beautiful moon moths and other silk-producing species are imported in the form of caterpillars or cocoons. In the body of the caterpillar some foreign ichneumon fly has laid its eggs, in India perhaps, or Assam, or China. The egg develops into a grub, and lives in the tissues, first of the caterpillar, and then of the chrysalis or pupa, which it kills, though, as the latter is often enveloped in a cocoon, what is taking place cannot be seen. Instead of a beautiful moth or butterfly shaking out and expanding its swiftly opening wings, on which color appears keeping pace with their miraculous growth, the collector sees his glass butterfly cage filling with these cruel-looking foreign ichneumon flies, sometimes in greater numbers than the proportion of moths or butterflies of the kinds expected from his cocoons.

New York has for many years received numbers of destitute aliens of the animal world from the holds of the banana ships. The trade in bananas is an enormous one, and many of them come from sources at no great distance, whence the fruit can be brought without cold storage. The big clusters of bananas are peculiarly adapted for harboring "stowaways." Among these are enumerated numbers of small harmless snakes, lizards of various kinds, occasionally, it is said, a young iguana, and large and particularly venemous spiders. But real pests which survive and increase in a new country are, fortunately, rarely transported accidentally. The one

serious instance is the chigo, or "jigger." It is said to have been transported from Central America to the East Indies in the feet of Indian coolies, and by other Indian coolies to the coast of East Africa. The Colorado beetle has never succeeded in making a home in England, though "mosquitoes" of a peculiarly ferocious, though non-malarial, kind are said to have appeared in English hotels. Several corn-beetles, a very destructive type of insect, and among the greatest enemies of those who would like to create an "emergency" store of corn, have been "dumped" in England with foreign grain, and have established themselves. As they are only known by Latin names, it is necessary to quote them. One, *Niptus hololeucus*, was at first only found in London in grain warehouses, whence it has spread to many of the larger towns; another is *Cryptophilus integer;* a third, *Trigonogenius globulus*, is gradually spreading over England, and is especially common in the Oldham mills; but these do not by any means exhaust the list. A large and sombre beetle, an inhabitant of Central Europe, the Latin name of which celebrates its funereal appearance, was the other day discovered wandering in the London docks. But the most conspicuous among foreign creatures of the beetle kind getting their living as resident aliens of a very undesirable sort are the large Oriental cockroaches, at present firmly established in most of the "houses" at the "Zoo." These cockroaches are also said to be established at Deal. They are quite twice the size of the ordinary "blackbettle," and correspondingly active and voracious.

Old furniture, and even old books, have certain disadvantages incidental to the possibility of their harboring "stowaways," sometimes of the most objectionable character. "Old panelling, hoak in particular, is the werry stuff to harbor *such as them*," says Mr. Punch's plasterer, in answer to the agitated questions of a member of a family who had bought a "really nice old-fashioned house." But "such as them" are also found in "nice old" Chippendale wardrobes, and bureaux, and cupboards occasionally. The woodworms, if less appalling to human sensibilities, are very mischievous, and readily migrate from one piece of furniture to another. Among the creatures which bore these holes is the "death watch," which is said to make its steady "ticking" by persistent hammering on the wood that it is excavating. The true "bookworm," not the soft little mites which live in old paper, parchments, and the like, but the destroyer of books, is very rare. It does not bore a clean hole, but eats "on the flat" like a grub on a rose-leaf.

Bird "stowaways" on ships are very numerous in the narrow parts of the Mediterranean during the migration. They also frequently alight on ships when these are near the coast, being then very much exhausted and glad to find a "rest for the soles of their feet." Golden-crested wrens sometimes descend in a storm on some North Sea smack on a migration night, and even alight on steamers by day. It was confidently stated that a golden-crested wren was seen to fly from off the back of a short-eared owl, when the latter came in from the sea and alighted near a jetty on the East Coast. The belief that some little birds come as "stowaways" on the backs of larger ones was held in reference to the Canada geese by the North American Indians, and by the Turks of Cyprus, who alleged the same of the crane and stork. That some birds must travel great distances on ships crossing the Atlantic seems very probable. The American bittern and two American cuckoos have been found in England, the first rather frequently. It is conjectured that they can only have crossed the ocean by travelling on the masts and yards of ships, probably steamers, as otherwise they must have died of starvation.

The Spectator.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"The more one considers the question," remarked the Librarian of the House of Lords the other day, "the more is one amazed at the want of enterprise displayed by the publishers of the seventeenth century." Nothing could be truer. The result was that books, which now, if properly exploited in the advertisement columns of the *Westminster Gazette* and other journals, would sell in their thousands, then sold only in their tens.

Yet how much better for all concerned, manufacturer and consumer alike, had some of the really excellent literature of the time been rightly brought beneath public notice! As thus:—

It's no use talking. The only way to be *up-to-date* is to read the books of the season.

Cut out the following list and send it to your bookseller or librarian:—

HOLY LIVING. By Jeremy Taylor.

SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. By Richard Baxter.

SIGHS FROM HELL. By John Bunyan.

At all Bookstalls.

FRAGMENTA AUREA.

By Sir John Suckling.

N.B.—The rumor that this work has been Bowdlerized is totally without foundation. The publisher cannot think how it got about, but he is delighted to be able to contradict it.

The Book that beguiled a Great Statesman.

Before leaving for the French Court yesterday the Duke of Buckingham was observed to alight at his favorite bookshop, and after a rapid examination of the shelves to take up

HYDRIOTAPHIA, OR URN BURIAL.

By Sir Thomas Browne.

On the news becoming known twenty copies were at once sold to gentlemen of the Court.

Was he Mad?

Read the new problem play,

HAMLET.

By William Shakespeare.

The publishers earnestly hope that no intending reader will be put off by the homely title of this superb and engrossing drama. No one who wishes to be in the movement, to know how smart society occupies itself and what intellectual people are thinking, can afford to be without it. Toxicology, parricide, duelling, private theatricals, the reform of the lunacy laws, phantasms of the dead, marriage with a deceased husband's brother, rat killing as a fine art—these are only a few of the topics treated in this record-breaking congeries of scalp-raising incidents and searching analysis.

The Sorrows of Satan indeed!

Read
PARADISE LOST.
By John Milton.

A distinguished gentleman who has seen this manuscript writes as follows:—

"A novel in blank verse may daunt frivolous minds, but this richly variegated Epic will appeal to intelligences of every calibre. In evidence of the thoroughly up-to-date character of the poem it may be noted that the tactics of aërial warfare are discussed in full detail. A touching feature in connection with the work is the fact that the author is afflicted with blindness, and, being unable owing to straitened circumstances to afford the luxury of a type writer, dictated a great portion of his poem to the two Mrs. Miltons."

Read the Epic by a Blind Man.

A Pantomime between Two Covers.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.
By Daniel Defoe.

If you must lose your head, do it with dignity.

Ready to-day at all the Libraries.
EIKON BASILIKE.

A Genius at last.

An Epic Poem in 12 books.

KING ARTHUR.
By Richard Blackmore.

The publisher is confident that he has here discovered a work of enduring splendor. Too often have geese been mistaken for swans; there is no such error in the present instance! The publisher is convinced that long after Milton and Spenser are forgotten the epic of *King Arthur* will still be arresting attention.

Do not neglect this opportunity of enriching your posterity.

Buy a First Folio
SHAKESPEARE
while they are cheap.
The price is sure to rise.

Don't be afraid of the title.

Ask your Bookseller for
THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY,
By Robert Burton,
and see that you get it.

Ben Jonson, the famous playwright, after reading a chapter at the "Mermaid," remarked, "This Burton is Double X and no mistake."

THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

About eleven years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke delivered an address at the inaugural meeting of the Irish Literary Society in London upon "the need and use of getting Irish literature into the English tongue." Since it was delivered a school of writers have sprung into note who find much of their inspiration in the mythological and heroic tales of ancient Ireland. Their poems, essays, stories, and paraphrases, written in the English language, have attracted the attention of the literary world, and the works of several of these writers, notably Mr. Yeats and A. E., take high rank in Anglo-Irish literature. Of this "Celtic movement" Mr. Standish O'Grady may be regarded as the pioneer, though in its later development of mysticism and vagueness he has no share. In his "Mythical History of Ireland" he opened the door for English readers to a hitherto unexplored world of beauty, chivalry, and human passions, a world in which demigods and heroes, termagant queens, and blithe, beautiful maidens, moved and intermingled. Unnoticed by the general public, the book attracted the attention of some young men and women bound together by intellectual ties, who hailed at once the wealth of beauty and romance revealed. With them the "Celtic movement" began, and, flowing outward, the "Celtic note" became a phrase in English literature. This movement has been confused by the mass of English and American critics with the Irish Revival, from which it is distinct. One is an attempt at the realization of Mr. Stopford Brooke's idea of "getting Irish literature into the English language;" the other an attempt to create a modern literature in the Irish language. The first, by familiarizing the literary world with the names of gods and heroes of the mythological and heroic cycles, by unveiling a little of the heart of Celtdom, and drawing attention to the early Irish sagas, has done much good work. But the literary style of the movement, with its marked mysticism, must not be accepted as an expression of the Gaelic mind.

The Irish Revival—a movement started in Ireland about ten years ago by nine men—concerns itself entirely with the preservation of the Irish language, the creation of a modern literature, and the inner national life of the people. Working at first against immense difficulties, it is now a recognized force. Its effect upon the country may be compared to that wrought upon Denmark by Bishop Grundtvig's night-schools in the last century. One of its most remarkable achievements is the output of books in Irish. For these works there is a steady and increasing sale. Hitherto the sale of books in Ireland has never been large. This still holds true for English and Anglo-Irish works—with one or two notable exceptions—but is not true of those works written in Irish. Lesson and phrase books of course command the greatest sale. Of these, the five books by Father O'Growney and Miss Borthwick's "Ceacta beaga Gaedilge" are perhaps the best known. There is a large demand for both series, and thousands of copies have been sold. But the sale of Irish books is not limited alone to grammars and phrase-books, a marked literary activity being shown in other directions. Stories, biographies, historical essays, religious works, children's books, and poems are issued from the office of the Gaelic League, together with a weekly bilin-

gual paper, "An Claideam Soluis," and a monthly journal, "Iris leaba na Gaedilge." The Irish Book Company has published a series of works, among which may be noticed Father Peter O'Leary's translation of "Æsop's Fables." A band of writers are springing into note. Already popular are Conan Mael (Mr. Patrick O'Shea) and Seumas O'Dubgaill (Mr. J. Doyle), whose stories have humor, strength, and the imaginative quality. Mr. Thomas Hayes has written a novel, and the works of Father Peter O'Leary and Father Dinneen are widely read. There is a tendency in the movement to create a drama, and Dr. Douglas Hyde has led in this direction with his folk-plays. Of these he has written several, amongst others a Nativity Play, which charms by its simplicity and directness. Eamon O'Neill's historical play, "Aodh Ua Neill," has been acted in Dublin and the provinces; and more popular still are "Tadg Saor" and "An Sprid," both by Father O'Leary. For seven years a convention, "Oireactas," has been held every spring in Dublin, at which literary contests in the Irish language take place, and prizes are given. It is becoming a great national gathering, a centre whence flows the new literary life in Ireland. The "Celtic movement" has obscured the Irish Revival for English and American critics, though it is watched with interest on the Continent. They do not appear to be aware yet of its strength, vitality, and growth, or to realize that a modern literature is being created in the Irish language.

L. McManus.

The Academy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Judge O'Connor Morris, who has written volumes upon Napoleon and Hannibal in the series of "Heroes of the Nations" has promised a volume for the same series upon Wellington.

Mr. Morley has abandoned his intention of writing a life of Chatham in the Macmillan series of "Twelve English Statesmen." The volume has been undertaken by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

A volume which promises refreshment to readers of conservative theological views is that which Professor Sayce has written for the Religious Tract Society under the title "Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies."

E. P. Dutton & Co. are soon to publish a new edition of "A Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet," by Sarat Chandra Das. This is one of the most trustworthy accounts of Lhasa that has been published, and its re-issue is especially timely.

The executive committee of the Lecky Memorial have decided that the most suitable recognition of him would be a bronze statue on a site within the precincts of Trinity College, Dublin. Trinity College has undertaken to provide the site, and nearly half of the $7,500 which will be required for the statue has already been raised.

It is announced that Dr. Furnivall has accepted the presidency of the London Shakespeare League. Among the various items of interest in the League's

program for the birthday celebration this year may be mentioned the annual dinner on April 23; the performance of one of Shakespeare's plays on April 22 under the superintendence of Mr. William Poel; various lectures, and a "Shakespeare ramble" around London.

Sir Archibald Geikie enjoys as wide a reputation as a raconteur as he does as a geologist, and on both accounts his volume of "Scottish Reminiscences" is looked for with high expectation, for his experience may almost be said to be unique. There is in Scotland "not a county, hardly a parish," which he has not wandered over again and again in the exercise of his official duty. And in his wanderings he was accustomed to take his quarters where he could find them—in country towns, in quiet villages, in wayside inns, in country houses, in shepherds' shielings, and in crofters' huts.

Mr. Henry Frowde has published a double section of the "New English Dictionary," containing the first portion of the letter P. In the introductory article Dr. Murray notes that, while initial P had a very limited use in Old English or Anglo-Saxon—in which it was by far the smallest native initial, comprising about a hundred and eighth part of the vocabulary—in modern English it has grown to be one of the "three gigantic letters" (S, C, P) which between them occupy nearly one-third of the modern dictionary. In illustration of this the striking fact is mentioned that out of 2,454 main words included in this section, only one, viz. "pan," can claim to be a native word in Anglo-Saxon.

There is to be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press the first complete volume of the "Reports of the Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits," edited by Dr. A. C. Haddon. Hitherto only the first two parts of the second volume have appeared; Volume V. complete is now to come, dealing with the Sociology, Magic, and Religion of the Western Islanders. The expedition was only just in time to record the memories of the past among the natives, who have changed rapidly during the past quarter of a century. The editor himself deals, among other subjects, with the folk-tales of the natives, their courtship, marriage, and funeral ceremonies. Among the remaining contributions are "Tales of the War-Path" and a paper on "Land Tenure and Inheritance," by Mr. Anthony Wilkin, another member of the expedition, who died at Cairo in 1901.

The Athenæum is publishing a series of new letters written by Dorothy Wordsworth to Mrs. Clarkson, some of which are trivial enough, while others are interesting from the curious light which they throw upon the personal and domestic habits of Coleridge. For example the writer says:

As to Coleridge, if I thought I should distress you I would say nothing about him, but I hope that you are sufficiently prepared for the worst. We have no hope of him—none that he will ever do anything more than he has already done. . . . I am loath to say it, but it is the truth. He lies in bed, always till after twelve o'clock, sometimes much later, and never walks out. Even the finest spring day does not tempt him to seek the fresh air; and this beautiful valley seems a blank to him. He never leaves his own parlor except at dinner and tea, and sometimes supper, and then he always seems impatient to get back to his solitude; he goes the moment his food is swallowed. Sometimes he does not speak a word, and when he does talk it is always very much and upon subjects as far aloof from himself or his friends as possible.

A SONG OF HAPPINESS.

The days pass and the nights, and the wind blows:
I have planted my tree of Happiness, and the tree grows.

The light comes and the dark, and the rain falls:
I have planted my tree of Happiness within high walls.

The north wakes and the south, and the spring's here:
I watch by my tree of Happiness and let none near.

The flowers spring and the grass, the hay is mown:
About my tree of Happiness a vine is grown.

The year dies and the leaves, and winter nears:
I have watered my tree of Happiness with falling tears.

The clouds lift and the mists, and a bird sings:
But about my tree of Happiness close Sorrow clings.

Ethel Clifford.

THE "OLD SUPERB."*

The wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
The Straits before us opened wide and free;
We looked towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.
"The French are gone to Martinique with four-and-twenty sail,
The 'Old Superb' is old and foul and slow;
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the trail,
And where he goes the 'Old Superb' must go."

So Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.

The "Old Superb" was barnacled and green as grass below,
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,
For he never yet came in too late to fight.

So Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.

"Now up, my lads," the Captain cried, "for sure the case were hard
If longest out were first to fall behind;
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind."
So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
But every night the "Old Superb" she sailed when others slept,
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest!

O 'twas Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

* See Mahan's Life of Nelson, vol. II. pp 297-298.